THE COMMONWEAL

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THE TERRIBLE SUPER-CITY

A TOPIC of the most serious importance and complex nature was brought to the surface once more by President Coolidge, in his speech on what is pleasantly spoken of as the national highway crisis. The range of the President's thought included much more important matters than the group of automobile club secretaries, to whom he spoke, had gathered to discuss. Indeed it is rather absurd to talk of the traffic conditions, even in cities, as constituting a crisis. Common sense, and a growing power of self control, will go far toward remedying existing evils. At worst, new expenditures for roads and viaducts are in sight, and the gains in wealth from intensification of traffic surely prevent these from seeming a crushing burden. Anyway, if the prophets are to be believed, the crisis or problem or whatever it is, may at any time take a new —and, indeed, a more alarming—turn in the sudden development of aviation. Street rules for aeroplanes do look like a strain on the regulators of the near future.

But President Coolidge's thought leaped out beyond the mere matter of getting about. The size of cities, as a huge complex of the near future, worried him. He was right; it is one of the biggest subjects calling for the consideration of practical politicians. The President's broaching it is an instance of a certain quality of the super-commonplace in his imagination. He has a habit of starting discussion on something which is more or less in everyone's mind—which, in fact, is not new at all—yet is of commanding novelty and supreme importance. In the present case, it may be said that the stupendous growth of cities and the menace of its continuance are in everybody's mind. Yet who, with authority, has invited the public attention to the danger, or suggested serious consideration of the resultant evils and means of averting them?

The fact is, that when the growth of cities is spoken of—say the growth of New York to 20,000,000 inhabitants by the year 1950, or 50,000,000 by the year 2000—the common popular reaction is a sort of fatuous pride—as if mere numbers made greatness. Even enlightened leaders of thought, instead of asking what the life of such a community would be, materially or spiritually, indulge in dreams of marts and markets, air lanes and subterranean passages, electrical homes, and art peddled by radio from municipal stations to the convertible bed-dining-sitting-working-room, of which the ultimate home of the too, too many millions would have to consist. We have all seen the diagrams and pictorial layouts in the Sunday newspapers—map of New York in nineteen-something, taking in all Long Island and New Jersey as far as Trenton, with the Hudson Valley as far as Newburgh thrown in. The

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Caruso of the day sits in a steel cell, singing at a telephone receiver; while to one side, a pair of boxers in a padded room, thump each other in front of an airless cinema machine. A note adds that at nine o'clock in the evening, the news of the day will take the place of the song—with twenty-four hour weather forecast—and the principal paintings of Raphael or Picasso or Charles Dana Gibson will replace the prize fight.

Presumably, the exploiters of these grandiose ideas never really think of the misery and essential loneliness of the wretched millions, who will, or may, have to endure these fearful luxuries. It is true we are told that they will be scientifically fed, mostly with synthetic foods—as the purveying of any ordinary commodities in the necessary quantities will be impossible with the best possible organization. They will all think the same things, provided by the Mental Direction Bureau of the central government. They will be taught how to walk at the same uniform pace by the experts of the Pedestrian Control. Their lives in all other details will also be strictly regulated—especially their outings—for if they were not, no adequate means of locomotion could be provided. They will all go to work, of course, and home again; but they will do it at their assigned hours and prescribed routes, so as not to tangle up the machine. Probably occasional departures from routine will be allowed for social purposes and for special occasions; but they must be strictly limited so as to avoid absolute deadlock. All amusements will be turned on, as well as religious exercises and sermons on Sundays.

Of course, argues the optimistic sort of super-citizen, the cities will not be really overcrowded, in spite of their gigantic size. The Eugenics department of the super-government will control the births. Also, they will breed for slimness and elasticity, so that the people may be packed tighter and closer in the cars. Perhaps, after a time, the Euthanasia department will take care of the deaths. Painless and even pleasurable gusts of gas will be let loose among the inferior citizens—the poorest, of course—whenever there seems to be a danger of serious congestion of population. Standardization, efficiency, organized, scientific control—worked out after the unimpeachably practical ideas of such eminent reformers as H. G. Wells, Henry Ford, Dean Inge, Bernard Shaw, Professor Getitdone, Dr. Nordical, Andrew Volstead, Margaret Sanger, Trotzky, and associates—these be the new gods of the coming dispensation, as we glimpse its dreams and revelations in the magic mirror of the press.

It seems too bad to object to the glowing vision of the super-city—and the super-state—shall we add, this superstition? This worshipping of the silly idol of mechanism has proceeded to a perilous degree; yet, after all, as soon as men begin to understand the wretched thing, they will laugh—and the wind of their mirth will blow the evil fog away. Meanwhile, common sense suggests that even in so wonderful a machine as is imagined for the super-city, their might still remain some hitches. Some fool will always drop a monkey wrench into the cogs, and the more elaborate the mechanism, the greater the disaster when anything does go wrong. President Coolidge was evidently impressed with this feature of the whole conception—the difficulty of making it work, perhaps; of making it fool-proof.

But in fact its worst evil, its direct tragedy, does not lie in its inevitable malfunctioning upon occasions. Its success would be the real disaster. It is impossible to conceive of these teeming millions in their physical multiplication, and in their spiritual loneliness, without repulsion. It needs but a little thought to show that in these regimented crowds, all the essential qualities and enjoyments of citizenship and civilization must be lost. It is a question today whether the limit of numbers permitting the community sense has not already been surpassed. In the dream city of the future, one feels that the intimacy of feeling and interest which makes the spiritual bond, would be attenuated to the danger point. Multiply the appeal by three, or four, or twenty—and we arrive at a stage where a public-spirited man may perhaps have an affection for his borough or his ward, with an understanding of its advantages and needs, but is repelled even to anger by the exigencies of a rival quarter, which he has never visited, and whose people he regards with suspicion and dislike.

Social intercourse has greatly diminished in American cities, at least as regards the home. The multiplication of obligations leads to even the best and finest being ignored; and the mechanical difficulties of getting together, the enormous rivalry of other duties and attractions, have completely changed the lives of the people in the last twenty-five years. The end of New-Year-calling, is an illustration. New York is too big and too hard to circulate in for mere casual observances. A result already felt is the loneliness of the young people and the isolation of the old. How much more hopeless the mechanism of community living, how vain the hope of any genuine social intercourse among 20,000,000 people without common idea or purpose, and living often fifty miles apart!

President Coolidge has raised a very large question—and it may be a tragic one of the future—in turning the public eyes upon the problems of the super-city of the future. He had the mechanical ones in mind mainly, it would seem; but they are simple as compared with the cultural and moral ones. So devious are these that the true question for civic leaders is—whether it is not time to call a halt? Can it be done? Is it possible to stem the creation of monster communities with no soul, and work back to groups who know each other—who have ideals as well as subways, and inspirations as well as airless entertainment? At bottom, the question is one of soul—but the practical problem is one of better distribution of population.

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WEEK BY WEEK

NO MORE practical step to encourage lay Catholics to do something more with their religion than simply to consider it a private and personal affair, with no relation to the social problems of the age, has been undertaken for a long time than the movement to popularize the study of the great Encyclical on the Condition of Labor, of Pope Leo XIII. A movement for nation-wide observance each year of the anniversary of the promulgation of the Encyclical, has been begun by the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. May 15 is the thirty-fourth anniversary of this monumental document. It is the hope of the Department that by this means it will be able to popularize the Encyclical, which has been termed "the Magna Charta of Catholic social teaching," to such an extent that its principles will become more and more a basis for handling difficulties between capital and labor. Local observances in the larger cities of the country are sought by the Department, and already several have been assured for the month of May. Next year it is expected that the number will be greatly enlarged. At these observances, one or two speakers will discuss the contents and the effect of the Encyclical, and its position in the realm of industry today. Pope Leo's Encyclical embodies the entire Catholic teaching on capital and labor. Although it was written thirty-four years ago, and was prompted by conditions at that time—so comprehensive, far-sighted, and sound were its pronouncements, that it has remained the fundamental statement of the Catholic position.

THE historical researches of Professor Barnes have aroused wonder and some profanity. His treatment of the origins of the great war reminds one not a little of a mystery-story writer, who ends by showing that the man we have suspected all along of being the murderer, is really not a villain at all. In a word, Professor Barnes has come over head and tail to the German view that the Poincaré-Iswolski intrigue set the endless armies marching, and that Kaiser Wilhelm was as helpless as an old-time settler in the face of an Indian massacre. This sudden shift is probably very honest and scientific; it is also a little naïve. The average sophisticated reader, who remembers what Prussia made up her mind to be, and what chances imperial Germany took in 1870, will scarcely believe that Von Kluk was obliged to march toward Paris because a half-dozen Frenchmen wanted their revenge. Few capable German writers, even in their most patriotic moments, have gone as far as Professor Barnes. "It is as necessary for ourselves, for the purification of our national spirit, that we clearly admit our share of the guilt and labor earnestly to restore what we have destroyed, as that we repudiate charges of which we are innocent," writes Dr. Fasbinder, a prominent South German. And yet it is quite true that only a very inexperienced people would have accepted the propaganda we Americans swallowed so hastily during more than four years. The Wilsonian crusade for democracy was based very largely on a total misconception of the European story: it began with the premise of beauty and beast, marched into fairyland, and faced the catastrophic results of its delusion. We entered a game where the protagonists had forgotten all the rules and thought only of the stakes; we came out in a kind of holy horror. And so, if the conclusions of Professor Barnes attract attention, they may teach us a lesson of political realism not without value.

IT is pleasant to detect a note of honest realism in a recent address by the aged Chauncey M. Depew. "If wisdom instead of passion and ambition had ruled the conference at Versailles," he said, "Prussia would have been left alone by herself; Bavaria and Saxony would have been united to German Austria, and the fear which now haunts Europe of another war, a war of revenge, would have disappeared forever." This is so true that one is amazed to realize how seldom it has been said before. It might have been difficult, of course, to impose such an arrangement at Versailles; but it would have been easy upon two previous occasions. If after the battle of Sadowa, Napoleon III had supported the affiliation of the South German states with Austria, he would have isolated Prussia, prevented the rise of the modern Hohenzollern empire, and forestalled two great wars. A second opportunity was lost during 1918, when Austria tried to arrange a separate peace through mediation of the Holy See, and

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with the personal aid of Prince Sixte de Bourbon. Had France listened to the offer, it is very likely that the South German states would have gone with Austria, and so have isolated the Prussian monarchy. But her rulers were blind—this time possibly because religious prejudice and fear of a Bourbon name hampered the eyesight of M. Ribot. The hour for action has passed now, but this aspect of the European political situation deserves study for what it teaches about the necessary arts of war-prevention and peace-security. It seems to us a much more fruitful topic for meditation than any number of Soviet Black Books.

THE daily press has discovered a Soviet "propaganda bureau, as fully equipped as any embassy, right under the nose of the State Department"—on Connecticut Avenue to be exact—"guided by an American, a former newspaper man of high professional standing and excellent personal reputation," as chief of public relations. The dailies are registering appropriate emotions. The Commonweal has long known of unusual activity on the part of Bolshevik Moscow to force American recognition, and has been aware of certain very private negotiations conducted at several advantageous points for the purpose of determining if the Russian situation had so altered or developed that consideration of a change of American policy might be in order. Therefore, we judged that there must be a valid reason for Mr. Kellogg's denial of any change of policy at this time. Hence the series of comments and articles on Bolshevism in our columns, which may have surprised not a few of our readers, who, having no means of knowing what is going on beneath the surface, have wondered why we "revived" this subject.

MORAL indignation may be in a state of coma—conscience, as ex-Governor Brown, of New Hampshire, last summer remarked—"working half time," but there is no doubt the spirit of Mark Tapley is very much abroad in the land. It is hard to open our morning or evening journals these days, without finding, tucked away in a corner, some little homily, preferably from the more prominent and economically secure of our citizens, whose text is resignation to the ills we suffer, rather than ill-advised attempts to better them with corresponding upset to normalcy, and the unimpeded progress of affairs. We have our soothsayers, speaking comfortable things, and our Jeremiahs—and it is rather hard to know in which category Mr. William Wrigley, of chewing-gum fame, should be placed. Braced by reporters on the deck of the out-going Majestic last week, the chicle magnate was discovered chewing, not one of his own delectable and indestructible tablets, but an old-fashioned plug of tobacco. He admitted his own business was good, but refused to see in its volume any indication of general prosperity. He even seized the occasion to aphorise a little. "People chew harder when they are sad," he is reported as musing aloud. A connection of the same subtle sort was discovered, if you remember, no less than a hundred years ago, when Mr. Sam Weller drew the attention of the philosophic Pickwick to the large number of oyster-stalls in the poorer quarters of London. "Blest if I don't think, when a man is werry poor, he rushes out and begins to eat oysters in reg'lar desperation."

MR. FRANK HEDLEY is a more authentic herald of good news. The president of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, who often "rides in his own trains," contributed an appreciable item a few days ago, in the course of a general appreciation of the service given by his road. After reading it, Gothamites whose duties force them on these jammed run-ways at rush hours, have no longer any excuse for seeing, in their hurly-burly, packed platforms and general offense to human dignity, a mere explanation of Mayor Hylan's continued popularity. President Hedley can suggest something far better. "There is so much noise, one can do nothing else but think," he is reported as saying. And there you are! Life, after all, if one has but the patience and industry to look for them, is full, almost as full as the subway, of these little compensations. With Mr. Hedley's consoling thought in one's head, a strap in one's hand, a stick of Mr. Wrigley's gum between one's teeth, and a chance at intervals to peruse the safe and sane literature provided by the editorial writers of the Subway Sun, there is no longer any reason why, to the well-ordered New York mind, the daily ordeal, hitherto regarded as something between a college cane-rush and an air-raid, should not become one of those precious intervals for spiritual refreshment and mental concentration of which our vertiginous life offers us all too few.

THE entire problem of national prosperity and national extravagance has been tackled, in somewhat pessimistic vein, by the International Typographical Union. Printers and type-setters (Heaven knows, with good reason) are a disillusioned body. But they are the cream of our organized labor, and if the warning issued two Sundays ago by their president, Mr. James Lynch, makes depressing reading, it is timely and comes from a very influential quarter. The growing indebtedness of the wage-earner for luxuries, literally forced upon him, is the text of President Lynch's statement, in which Mr. J. W. Hays, secretary-treasurer, concurs. The selling end of business, it is pointed out, has been organized to a point where the worker finds it hard to resist its appeal. Failure to meet competition for foreign trade, owing to lower manufacturing costs outside America, has caused an intensification of sales within the United States itself, and stocks of "almost anything under the sun" are being unloaded through the bait of "a small sum down." "The root of the evil," Mr. Lynch declares, "is the credit system

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which, within the last decade, has raised a need for the defense of the worker against the high pressure type of salesman." The New York Times, with perhaps more literal truth than lay in the writer's intention, heads its comment upon this warning—"Mortgaging the Cradle," and ascribes the change in national habits of thrift and caution to the war, and a violent shift in the general attitude towards borrowing and mortgaging.

IN raising the whole question of the ultimate effect of habits of luxury and even extravagance on national prosperity, the president of the international printers' body sets his foot upon an obscure and thorny path—one where many economists, with the best intentions in the world, have found themselves traveling round and round upon their own heels. On the mere face of it, the greater and more varied the demand, the greater the production; and the greater the production, the greater the volume of employment. The only escape from so vicious a circle seems to be into the realm of moral rather than economic law, through the application, by both buyer and seller, of the ordinary ethical principles that govern them in any other human relation. Our attention is so solicited by preachers and moralists to a few obvious and highly-colored infractions of the Decalogue, that the old conception of "covetousness" where business is concerned, has almost fallen out of human consciousness. Nevertheless, covetousness and naught else is the offense that lies at the root of the situation Mr. Lynch deplores—whether it be featured, on the one side, by "wives, jealous of their neighbors' display," or, on the other, by eager and unscrupulous salesmen, "waiting to take the bread-winner in an unguarded moment," and attach his savings and peace of mind to a signature on a "dotted line."

IT was rather a quaint little sermon, that of which Judge Charles W. Boote delivered himself last week to four citizens who applied for pistol permits at Yonkers City Court, and obtained them, "with certain drastic restrictions." "To carry a gun for defense is foolish, it is folly," the judge is reported as tautologically declaring. "In England they don't carry guns and they don't have murders." It is not very clear to what folly the judge referred, unless it be the folly of attempting to defend one's property, for which a suburban hold-up victim was posthumously and very generally blamed a few months back. When cashiers and pay-roll carriers go armed to the teeth, it is hard to understand why the extension of the same privilege to private citizens of repute should be a contributing cause to the swollen robbery-with-murder statistics. The nineteen hundred odd gangsters and slayers who, if the average of the last seven years be maintained, will come before justice (or be pursued by it in vain) in New York State before 1932, will certainly never have had to listen to any such homily as that of Judge Boote. They will have procured their guns and blackjacks by methods that are their own secret—will have trusted largely to them for a quick and undisturbed getaway—and, if brought to justice at all, will consider an infraction of the Sullivan-Gage law an inconsiderable item in their total bad luck. Carrying deadly weapons is a bad habit. The only comment upon Judge Boote's desire for disarmament is that it would be well if "the assassins began first."

NOT a bad start to reduce homicide figures, and one well within the competence of the authorities, might be made by using a little more care when the men who are privileged to carry guns, and to fire them when they see fit, are chosen and put in uniform. A week ago, according to an Elizabeth, New Jersey, despatch to the New York Times, George E. Ridge, a policeman, was charged with shooting (and killing) a truck-driver who ignored an order to halt. "Testimony was introduced," we are told, "to show that Ridge had served a term in the Rahway Reformatory for burglaries in Union County. A short time later he was suspended by Chief-of-Police Arthur Vardalls, who found him playing dice on the street while in uniform. On another occasion recently he was fined $25.00 for assaulting a garage owner." One learns, with something of an unpleasant shock, that it is possible for a constable, the first resort of citizens, their wives and daughters in time of trouble, to be on active duty while in possession of a record that would, were he an alien, bar the gates of Ellis Island against him as an undesirable, and bring him a deportation order in place of naturalization papers.

THE award of the gold medal for ecclesiastical architecture to the firm of Maginnis and Walsh of Boston, by the American Institute of Architects, is one of the many satisfactory and stimulating events of the International Exhibit of Architecture and Allied Arts held in New York recently, where the award was made. At a convention of the Institute held during the exhibition week, Mr. Timothy Walsh was elected a Fellow, an honor which had been already conferred on his associate, Mr. Charles D. Maginnis. Among the many works created by the Boston architects on which the judgment of the Institute was based, were the chapel of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., the church of Saint Catherine, Somerville, Massachusetts, and the baldachino of the altar designed for the chapel of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts. It is probable also, that the exquisite monastery and church of the Carmelite nuns in Santa Clara, California, which has become a shrine of art lovers as well as of those devoted to mystical prayer, was remembered by the jury who awarded this high distinction to Messrs. Maginnis and Walsh. The occurrence is one of many signs happily indicating a widespread

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and growing movement among American Catholics away from the merely machine-made and commercialized aspects of church architecture, and toward the creation of a genuinely original American ecclesiastical architecture.

A GRATIFYING instance of the recognition of the important achievements in the field of science of Catholic workers, is the award of a gold medal for outstanding contributions to scientific knowledge to the Abbé Henri Breuil, by the National Academy of Sciences, in Washington, last week. An official of the French embassy received the Daniel Gerard Elliott medal on behalf of Abbé Breuil, who is in France. Abbé Breuil received the award for his recent work—Les Combarelles des Eyzies. The book presents the results of explorations and research extending over more than twenty years, and according to scientists, is a remarkable achievement in the way of revealing hitherto unknown facts about the Paleolithic engravings of men and animals in the celebrated French caves. Commenting on Abbé Breuil's monograph upon which the award was made, a statement from the Academy of Sciences says—"Through the fortunate combination of an athletic physique with the skill of a trained artist, and the cautious reserve of an experienced archeologist, it was possible for him to produce the remarkable series of drawings and photographs which illustrate this monograph. . . . The result is that the Abbé Breuil—by means of numerous drawings to scale and photographs made under his direct supervision—has made accessible to all those interested in Paleolithic art, the 291 figures or important fragments of figures that have been deciphered at Les Combarelles." In 1920 Abbé Breuil was awarded an honorary doctorate by the University of Cambridge, England, because of his scientific achievements.

THE New York World comments upon the fact that among the many awards to children by the New York Music Week Association, there were medals for violin-playing, piano-playing, and other kinds of manual performance, but none for composition. As the World comments, this policy seems to be in line with that pursued by most forms of organized assistance to music. "We seem to have the idea that in helping the performer we are doing service to the art, and in one way we are," says the World, "yet obviously what we need, is not performers, but music. We have no lack of competent violinists, pianists, and singers; and with the awards what they are, it is not likely that we shall ever have any lack of them. But we do lack a national literature in music. Aside from a few pieces, we have nothing to which the term could be applied." The World then asks why the Music Week Association, and similar organizations, do not give prizes for composition as well as performance. It points out that with a little instruction, many children are capable of achieving at least the rudiments of competence in composition. If they were encouraged, the eventual effect on our national music might be enormous. Such a plan would instil into the minds of children the idea that music is not merely the mechanical execution of what has been done by others, and they would be led on toward original expression. "An experiment with such an end in view would at least be well worth trying," concludes the World. It may interest our contemporary, whose views we share on this subject, to know that such an experiment has been steadily pursued for some years by the children who are instructed under the Mrs. Justine Ward system by the teachers of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, at the Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart. In an effort to develop a better style of liturgical music in the Catholic churches of the country, this school has been instructing thousands of children, and the teachers of children; and as a vital part of the instruction, the encouragement of original composition is emphasized with remarkable results.

ONE wonders if even in the most "superstitious" periods of the "dark ages" (the "Catholic" age of course) there was quite as much consulting as there is today of seers, prophets, fortune-tellers, and what not, by the acknowledged leaders of the age. Some years ago it was a secret in Washington as open as the Secret of Polichinelle, that very little was done by certain outstanding members of our government without the advice of such people. Not long ago in practical "hard-boiled" New York, a policy measure vital to the interests of a very large corporation was not presented by the president to his directors on the day appointed because, having consulted first his private soothsayer, he was told that day was inauspicious. This sort of spiritual directorship is so common in some of our great cities as to pass almost without comment. Spirit consultation is practised in some places so generally that it has become a sort of religion.

OF what is all this a manifestation, but of the deep desire men have for wise guidance in their troubled every-day affairs—guidance untrammeled by partisan interest, such as one might only hope to obtain among men from those who have "gone before," shedding earthly selfishness, but retaining a broad interest in, and love for, those who are still struggling in blindness; a half-seen distorted vision of a Communion of Saints? What is it else but a longing for, if not a certainty of, the survival of the soul in death? Believing as we do in a Communion of Saints (part of which belief is the possibility of communicating with the dead) we are perhaps too prone to condemn impatiently what we know to be aberrations, where a sympathetic helpfulness would be more in order toward what seems to be a groping revival of belief in some of the things we believe in.

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THAT "nothing lies like statistics"—especially foreign ones, must come frequently to mind to the reader of many of the modern books on economics, census reports of contested territories, and national and racial representations. A race can, in two opposing histories, shrink over night, or grow by noontide to the tune of millions. In polar or tropical regions people die by the hundreds of thousands that were never expected to live in such places: while in well-exploited health resorts the mortality returns shrink to a minimum that shames the immortal hierarchies of angels, and the reports of heavily-bearded producers of longevity-drops, and gland-extractors. We may weep over our statisticians—but without expressing any wonderment—we who live in an age of doctored birth reports of distinguished authors, whose waist-lines seem to protest at their juvenile chronologies: ladies—frequently widows—whose eldest sons possess heavy beards that belie Mamma's boasted thirty-five summers: school teachers, whose graduation days must have occurred before they reached the age of reason: actors and actresses whose first appearance on the stage can only be dated from the cradle. The perfect thirty-six measurement of the tailors; the size A shoes; the rubbed-down photographs of politicians—all indicate a popular attitude toward statistics—the great conspiracy against truth which is waged by every generation—the general lie and deceit of the greatest part of life which indicate that we neither love statistics as they regard ourselves—nor usually get them exactly from others. We can fold our hands pleasantly then when we hear of the preternaturally early first marriage of the dear widow: the fantastically youthful graduation of her spinster daughter: the early sprouting of the beards of the Smith Brothers: the preternatural promptness of little Billy's long trousers; or on the other hand, listen with serenity to the claims to supreme old age on the part of great-grandfather: the venerable antiquity of the family silver and mahogany: the primeval date of sailing of the first American Brownes and Joneses from the old world to the new. It is elasticity that we seek for in our statistics—and it is elasticity that we usually get.

HAVING left his diplomatic post in Japan, where he experienced to the full the harrowing adventure of the earthquake, Paul Claudel is at home in France. His object is to complete a final drama which shall be, we are told, his literary testament—his summary of what he thinks worth saying. This will be awaited with eagerness, but it seems clear that the dominant plan of Claudel's life has already been traced. We may criticize his poetic art; we may regret the obscurity, the dusk, through which many of his characters move: but it is impossible to deny the massive originality of his mind. Born into a time when poetry had come to seem an elegant exercise in observing and breaking the rules of prosody, he showed us once again the reality of poetic living. Lost in no cenacle or salon, but busy with his work in the world, and ripened by active contact with strange lands, he wrote because he lived and would understand life. Most comfortably safe prosaic theories of existence lead nowhere, he has hinted, because they are only little blind alleys unsuited to circumnavigating the world. The poet sees mystery because the echo of his call thunders over the horizons. It was a similar conviction which prevailed in those days when, as Dr. Sigerson tells us, a good third of Irishmen were enrolled in the bardic schools. A feeling of the same sort was native to the time when Richard was not merely a soldier, but a troubadour. That modern civilization is so devoid of poetic imagination, is surely one of its greatest weaknesses. We are blind to the avenues which lead toward great tomorrows; we hear neither the laughter nor the pathos of eternity. Therefore there is utility in what Claudel has long since said—"I have done nothing but sight the shores of a mighty land where great discoveries are still to be made." It is a land, of course, where sacraments are so many stars for our guidance, and where everything is ruin excepting an eternal hope.

YOUTH AND EDUCATION

IT is not necessary to conclude that American colleges are total failures, or that our schools must be converted largely into psycopathic clinics, because of the lamentations which appear in the daily newspapers. There is a wave of investigation and classification of evils and failures. The revelations are painful; but, at least, it may be doubted if they represent any new growths. The same conditions have existed, in all probability, time out of mind, but modern scientific scrutiny identifies them, counts them, gives them formidable names—and throws open the way for combating them.

Perhaps the most startling statement published was that of Miss Elizabeth Farrell, inspector of ungraded classes in the New York public school system, that 37,000 children in these schools were in need of "psychological service." She made it at a conference on mental hygiene, held recently at Hunter College under the auspices of the State Charities Aid Association. Miss Farrell said that some of these children were "superbly gifted" but were unable to make adjustment to secondary school demands. The number, great as it is, is only a fraction of the public school enrolment; but obviously sweeping remedies are called for to prevent the victims from drifting out into life unbalanced, foreordained failures, and a danger to the community.

Plainly, in its normal workings, so vast and necessarily generalized an educational machine as the public schools, has no means of solving the problem of cure and adjustment in these cases; but, as the facts have

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been gradually realized, a plan of treatment has been devised and it is being worked out and applied. Miss Farrell said that through special treatment large numbers of abnormal, supposedly deficient children, had been enabled already to pursue their education into higher ranges. Presumably hosts of others have found adjustment through work. They certainly seem to get shaken, somehow, into the hopper of life.

What one wonders most is what has become of such cases in the past. The scientific answer is that they have swelled the army of the inefficient, the derelict and the criminal. This is no doubt largely true, and their early redemption through special treatment is not only a human, a social good, but an important economic gain. Withal, the suspicion persists that in many cases there must be an innate impulse of development and recovery. Indeed, the backward child that becomes the successful adult is a frequent type in real life as well as in rose-tinted fiction.

At any rate, the problem of the defective child seems to be mainly a psycho-medical or hygienic one. Another class of critics who deal with the college boy—just barely grazing the case of the college girl—treat the failures of the day rather as an educational fault. This subject, also, was discussed at the mental hygiene conference. Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, Medical Director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, laid the troubles and failures of college boys mainly to the uncontrolled or unguided workings of their emotional nature. In some cases, he said "frank mental diseases and insanities resulted;" while in others the victims "stumble out of the schools only to be picked up and tended a few years later." Between those who ride victoriously over their trials and those who develop positive morbidity, there "comes the large body of students each with his own particular warp. Some are very considerably warped and will recruit the world's supply of college graduates and failures."

Dr. Williams finds that there is a great gap in the work of the colleges. Skill in training the intellect increases and so does care of the physical welfare of the student; but the goal, "if that goal be the increase of human happiness and efficiency, will not be reached by these alone, for neither happiness nor efficiency is fundamentally dependent on them, but upon the mind as a whole." Emotional and mental health must be included in the college program. The difficulty is in fact the same to which we drew attention recently of failure to support the college student with study and guidance. In too many instances he is left to himself to control his own temperamental impulses and solve his own moral problems. Too often he is unequal to the struggle; his mental resources are unequal to the crisis; his heart fails him through mere lack of the encouraging stimulus of friendly advice and human sympathy. It may be said in passing that no such deficiency is to be found in Catholic education. The Catholic teacher from school to college, and beyond, studies the youth confided to his care, instinctively fathoms his trials and his doubts, and is always ready with counsel and sympathy at the moment of crisis.

At any rate, the neglect of the temperamental guidance and control of the student, and the over-specialization of the intellectual side of education, appear to be growing in recognition as a primary defect of our higher institutions of learning. The discovery suggests the interesting parallel question whether there is not a similar want in the lives of the young men who cannot go to college. Those who go early into commerce or take to the industries for a living, have their problems too—their emotional problems. Whether the billiard-room and the gymnasium at the community house are sufficient offsets to their daily work to fill their lives and develop their souls on the road to happiness and efficiency, without wise and sympathetic human guidance, is a question not easy to answer. If so, why are they so different from the college boy, or the college boy from them? Perhaps in this question there is an approach worth considering to the great problem of the day—the restoration of a deep-seated love of law and order, an instinctive compliance with correct views and rules of life among the young generation.

The colleges are evidently waking up. Educators are making discoveries in the science of the school. Is there not a still greater field in the establishment of new relations of confidence and guidance between those in active life who are qualified to guide, and the young people, who, now as ever, are so much in need of guidance and support? There is a lot of machinery, but are there competent men manning it? And is it being so genially run as to make youth like it, and admire it, and flock to it in the hours of expansive seeking for sympathy and vital struggle of spirit?

At least we have had one fine demonstration of the true feeling, and one utterance in the right key. Governor Smith, declaring himself a boy and heading the parade of boys, is an admirable example of manhood. The boys, as he says, are the world's greatest asset; they are the men of tomorrow, all classes of them—college boys and working boys alike. Whatever America is to become, whatever the world is to become, depends on them and on what their elders make them—their college professors, their employers, or those who are interested in them like Governor Smith.

And it may be said that the least part of the problem regarding them is that which is represented by the school defectives. Mental science will easily deal with them. The great task and the great opportunity are to help the normal ones find their way straight and clean through the mazes and fogs of temptation and doubt, which inevitably beset their first efforts at independent personal assertion of themselves.

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A SAINT OF TODAY

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I

YESTERDAY I went to a painter's studio to look at a mural decoration to be placed above an altar in one of the great churches of New York. This not unusual experience turned out to be a strange adventure. Its interest was, in a sense, so personal to the adventurer that he may fail to communicate it to others; but he does not really think this; he believes that the high romance which he glimpsed yesterday is the same which all hearts hunger after, and all souls seek. At any rate, his efforts to let others share his adventure is itself an adventure; and, therefore, well worth trying.

The studio to which he had been invited was situated on the top floor of a most enormous office building. Under its roof some forty thousand human beings live their workaday hours in offices ranged like the cells of a beehive on immense floors; the area to be computed in acres, rather than square feet. As you enter this building, you come into a gigantic hall, from where, beyond the guarded gates, stretch lines of railway radiating throughout the continent. Hundreds of thousands of travelers surge and pulse backward and forward through these gates—day by day, and night by night. Tunnels and passageways go up and down, and to and fro, to subways, hotels, restaurants, shops and stores—all flooded with artificial light, ventilated by machinery—a city within the city, and mostly under the earth.

The trail to the studio led by devious ways through all this vast complex of modern American life. An elevator whirled the adventurer upward as far as the machine could go; then there was a walk through surprising art galleries, hushed and still above that tumultuous hive of traffic and trade, and up a flight of stairs to a still higher floor under placid skylights, where the studios are. The adventurer—a pilgrim, rather, because he was really making a pilgrimage to a shrine—almost got into the wrong place: a common experience to all adventurers and all pilgrims. He nearly entered a studio where a jazz band was playing—drums beating like feverish heart beats—saxophones droning tones of poisoned honey—while from the walls, strange, enigmatical pictures in all stages of completion looked at the whirling crowd of men and women. The pilgrim found his way (a trifle reluctantly) past the cavern of Terpsichore and finally came upon the thing he sought—the shrine.

He cannot really describe what he saw; any more than he can fully express the soul of his story; but it is of the essence of the story itself that he should try. For the story is above all things that of a great achievement. He saw, then, partly finished, partly sketched, the various parts of a monumental decoration, which, when finished, will be placed in the church of the Paulist Fathers, above an altar, which is to be "dedicated," as the phrase goes, to a saint. There are thousands of altars in churches all over the world thus dedicated to saints. Since the beginning of Christianity, artists, sculptors, painters, mosaic workers, woodcarvers, have been decorating them as appropriately as they were able to do it. Their most successful efforts are now among the glories of art, in addition to serving their more practical purposes. Nowadays, it is too sadly true, our altars, and their decorations—church monuments and mural paintings—are mostly done, not by artists, eager to serve God, or, anyhow, the beauty which God has made, and which so truly glorifies Him; but rather by soulless, imitative, commercialized workshops and factories, which flood even our sanctuaries with tawdry and meretricious stuff, instead of original creations. Just the same, there still remain true creators who give the best that is in them to the service of God through beauty; hence, that there should be such an artist—Vincent Augustus Tack—under the roof of this vast building in New York, was not in itself so very strange. But it was wholly admirable.

What really was strange was the subject of his work. When completed it will cover the walls of a chapel recess, between thirty and forty feet in height. Above the tabular altar there will be a panel portraying in a splendid, lucid, march of color, a glorious pageant. Under the oriflammes of many nations and the banners of religious sodalities, a procession of priests and prelates moves onward carrying the relics of the saint to whom the altar is dedicated. Although the artist has created his own imaginative vision here, this is no imaginary scene. It really happened in a little town in France, to which came representatives of all the nations and peoples of the earth, to do honor to this saint. Nor did it happen centuries ago, in the days before Grand Central railroad stations, and electric light, and steam, and the newspaper press; it happened only a year or two ago. Above the pictured panel there is a lunette the central figure of which is the saint herself. On each side there is a bowed and kneeling figure—one a man, the other a woman. These figures are humanity; man and woman: between them, the child through whom they offer up the highest act of which the human soul is capable: which is prayer.

Who is this saint?

It is not the saint of saints, the highest and holiest human soul, the Mother of Christ; it is not one of the Apostles, neither Peter nor Paul nor John; it is not the figure of any doctor or master of theology, or martyr,

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or bishop or Pope; it is none of the mighty ones whose names come down across the centuries in a halo of tradition, of veneration, and high honor; who are celebrated in poetry, their names written into the records of civilization; whose images are sculptured in marble or bronze, refulgent in mosaics, emblazoned in almost imperishable colors on church or chapel walls. It is none of these. It is one whose name will be placed on that roll of honor, the highest possible to achieve, which is called the Calendar of the Saints, on the seventeenth day of the present month, May, in the year of Our Lord, 1925, the Holy Year of Jubilee. It is the name of Saint Thérèse, The Little Flower—the greatest woman of modern times—a saint of today.

II

Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin was born at Alençon, France, January 2, 1873. She was the youngest of the nine children of Louis Joseph Stanislaus Martin, a moderately well-to-do jeweller, and of Zélie Guerin. The father and mother attempted to enter religious orders before marriage. They failed in those aspirations. Nevertheless, religion remained for them the supreme and central thing in life. The Martin family—like thousands of other humble and retired families throughout Christendom, of whom the world and its newspapers hardly ever hear, and seldom heed—exemplified the truth and produced the fruits of the Faith. It was one of those families which really live and act according to their belief. From these families come by far the greater number of the priests and nuns who form the main body of the actual workers of the Catholic Church. Some of these families survive all social disasters: wars, revolutions, plagues, floods, famines; and, what is worse, the false teachings of the misleaders of the human mind, and the dying down, here and there, now in this place, now in that, of the light of the Faith. They are the thews and muscles, the bone and blood, of the body of the Church Militant. They exist in all nations and races where once the Faith has been enkindled. Now one nation is richer than another in such God-serving families; but always they exist; always they are bringing forth the sons and daughters who take upon themselves the aweful task of priesthood, or the immolation of self in the service of God and man. Against the force of avarice, they oppose their poverty; they answer lust with virginity; pride with humility; hatred with love; and from the illusions of time they turn to the truth of eternity.

Of Martin's nine children, four became nuns, three in the Carmelite Order—that special Order set apart through the centuries for the practice of the highest forms of mysticism. Thérèse, the youngest, made up her mind at the age of sixteen. She was rejected because of her extreme youth by the Carmelites, and by the bishop of the diocese. Taken to Rome on a pilgrimage, she dared to throw herself at the feet of Pope Leo XIII and beg him to set aside the decisions that barred her way. In this she apparently failed. The greatest of modern Popes, bending forward and looking into the eyes of the little child at his knee, said only—"If it be God's will it will be done." His keen, old eyes followed the little figure thoughtfully as with bowed head it retired. All the same, there is no force that can withstand the human will when set upon an object in accordance with that Will which was invoked by the Pontiff. The little French girl won her fight. At the age of sixteen she left the world and went behind the walls of Carmel. Eight years later she died within those walls, of tuberculosis. At the command of her Superior, she had written the story of her spiritual life—a simple, childish autobiography. There was also a sheaf of verses and a handful of letters. None of those supernatural or, anyhow, supernormal, events, which are recorded in the case of so many saints, marked the life of Thérèse Martin. She pursued the ordinary duties and avocations of an obscure Carmelite. Only a few keen understanding souls saw that everything she did was done so supremely well, so perfectly in its kind, that it was the transformation, in fact, of ordinary duties and events into spiritual realities, and they knew that the rarest of rare events was happening in their midst: the attainment, actual and evident, by a human soul of unity with its Maker: the central aim and meaning of religion.

It was only toward the very end of her life that the small group who realized the mighty thing that was happening, began to be increased, and rumors spread without the monastery walls. Things were said and written by this dying child that were so extraordinary as to compel amazed attention. She who had been the very embodiment of selflessness, of reticence and humility, now, without hesitation and in tones of pure belief, and of thrilling joy, announced that her real work was beginning. She said that "God would permit her to remain on earth until the end of time." She "would spend her Heaven on earth doing good." She would "let fall a shower of roses." These things were recorded. Then she died. And then her full life began.

III

When Pope Pius XI, in the Basilica of Saint Peter's, amidst tens and scores of thousands of pilgrims who will be there from all parts of the earth, representing many other millions to whom the name of The Little Flower is most beloved, and to whom she herself is not dead but still lives in the truest sense of the word—when Pope Pius XI declares her a saint, there will be those in the crowd who knew her, talked with her, laughed with her, played and prayed with her. There will be members of her own family present. It was only twenty-eight years ago that The Little Flower died, at the age of twenty-four. For eight years before her death she had lived, what to those who do not understand, would seem most surely a living death

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—something worse even than death; shut up in the cloister of a monastery, veiled from the mere sight of all save only her sister nuns—within that prison of the body, but gateway of the soul's full liberty, which is a monastery. There, in fullest accord with the spirit of her Carmelite vocation, she spent eight years praying —simply praying, nothing else, save her full share of the domestic duties of that nunnery. She "desired to be unknown to every one of God's creatures." She "thirsted to be forgotten." Yet today she is better known to more people on this earth than probably any other man or woman of our time. There are few other instances, in the history of two thousand years, of the Church so quickly and without reserve recognizing and acclaiming the right of one of her children to be placed among her saints. It is probable that never in human history has a man or woman, in life or death, won such strong love and trust of so many millions of people in so short a time.

In an age like this, when from the minds of so many millions of pitiable persons, who in their blindness follow leaders who themselves are blind, nearly all belief in the supernatural has faded or gone out—at a time also when many other millions still cling to some fragment of faith in spiritual realities, but seek them to their own damage in the dangerous, darkened, blind alleys and untracked deserts of false mysticism and occultism—at such a time, the emergence of The Little Flower, this child who lived and died obscurely in a little provincial French town, into a place of such unparalleled prominence and power in the world of today is far more than merely one of the strangest and most wonderful of human stories: it is an event that marks the turning point of an epoch. It concurs with, and adds to, the significance and strength of many circumstances and events which together prove that the Catholic faith is today resurgent throughout the world with a forcefulness greater than at any time since the Apostolic Age, or the high tide of the mediaeval period. In those Apostolic times, living traditions still remembered the Child of Bethlehem; in those middle-ages, when faith ruled the world, the Children's Crusade was but one of many things indicating Christian belief in, and respect for, the power of childhood; in our own times, when to oppose the materialism of the age the Church found no stronger weapon than the prayers of little children, once more a child is placed among the leaders and teachers of mankind.

IV

It was almost immediately after her death, that the promised "shower of roses" began to fall. Soon, it was a torrent. A few persons who read, outside the cloister, the writings of Thérèse Martin, caused their publication. Edition after edition of the book was quickly demanded. It was translated into Italian, German, Spanish, English, Polish, Chinese, Bengali—into nearly all the languages and dialects of mankind. Letters, by the dozens, by the score, by the hundreds, soon by the thousands and tens of thousands, rained upon the Carmelite Monastery of Lisieux, describing apparitions, visions, dreams, of The Little Flower. There came innumerable stories of sudden, marvelous cures of deadly diseases; of the conversions of sinners; of help accorded in literally myriads of cases of sore need of body, mind, and soul. Merely to catalogue these letters—in many cases accompanied by the sworn testimony of surgeons, physicians, priests, witnesses of all sorts—required the publication of a special monthly bulletin, the volumes of which make up a huge tome. Congregations, societies, clubs and guilds of all kinds, throughout Christendom, placed their work under the patronage of the little nun.

The most learned of theologians, the grave guardians of the Church at Rome itself—where new enthusiasms concerning supposedly holy persons, particularly those to whom are attributed anything of the reputedly "supernatural," are invariably watched with the utmost caution—examined everything written by or about Thérèse Martin—and then they joined her multitude of lovers. With unprecedented rapidity, with almost incredible universality, the new devotion swept through the Catholic world. Rich and poor, educated and ignorant, artist or ditch-digger, prelate or beggar, society woman or servant girl—it did not matter, all alike, are on their knees today, in every land under the sun, asking this child to do good for them out of that Heaven which she is spending on earth. The Catholics of Wales place their Apostolate of the Faith under her protection; the lonely Bishop of Alaska puts his immense diocese and his poor, scattered Indian and Eskimo souls in her charge; the new cathedral of the newest diocese in the United States, Monterey-Fresno, will be built in her honor; regiments and armies in France fought through the great war under her banner, and her grave at Lisieux is covered with swords and medals of warriors revering her influence—in short, merely to chronicle the list of great works of human charity, education, literature, art, religion, which are inspired in large part by her vital sway over minds and hearts and souls, would take a whole number of this magazine. For example, here is but a mere summary of things proving her vital influence, drawn up by Mr. Frank Hall, for the N. C. W. C. News Service:—

> For ten years pilgrims to her tomb have averaged 400 daily, of all classes and all nationalities.
>
> At her beatification in 1923, enthusiastic members of her cult who gathered at Rome numbered 60,000.
>
> At the beatification triduum at Lisieux, where she died, 100,000 attended; the Pope designated a Legate; three cardinals, fourteen bishops and 500 priests were present, and the observance was called "one of the most impressive acts of faith in Europe since the war."
>
> Her autobiography has been translated into virtually every known language and has gone through innumerable editions.

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The Holy See granted special permission—a rare thing—for a church to be named for her before she was canonized.

Georges Goyau, eminent member of the French Academy and noted author, is writing her life.

During the world war she was known as the "Poilus' Saint."

The faithful of Brazil sent a massive silver coffin for her body.

President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State personally set the Irish national standard before her tomb in behalf of his nation.

French Catholics organized a national pilgrimage for her beatification.

When French Catholic workers' unions placed memorials in the Lisieux chapel, 167 groups sent delegates.

When her body was transferred to the chapel of the Carmel, 30,000 attended.

Innumerable societies, sodalities, chapels and Catholic activities have been placed under her protection. Paris already is building a Church of The Little Flower.

The first month after her beatification, 125 apparent miracles of the first order were credited to her.

To date, it is estimated that 44,000,000 pieces of literature concerning her have been published.

Some evidences of American Catholics' special veneration for her may be added:—

Between 4,000 and 5,000 petitions a month are received from all parts of the country for the regular novena conducted to her at the Mt. Carmel Retreat House at Washington.

A League of The Little Flower of Our Country Schools is thriving in the Archdiocese of Baltimore.

Saint Xavier College, in Cincinnati, has named its new chapel for her.

A Little Flower Club has been incorporated in St. Louis to aid the poor.

Statues of her adorn hundreds of American churches, and scores of societies are under her patronage.

At the triduum at Lisieux, an American cardinal presided and an American veteran, a captain in the world war, made an address.

When her body was transferred to the Carmel chapel, American veterans in uniform carried United States and American Legion flags in the procession.

At a triduum in her honor in Philadelphia, Cardinal Dougherty and five other members of the hierarchy participated.

Measured merely by the standard of material achievements, by the tokens of her personal power to get things done in this human, work-a-day world of ours, Thérèse Martin is one of the greatest persons who has appeared for centuries.

Let those who, in that gloom of deadly pessimism which it is the work of hell to spread, cry out that materialism has conquered spiritual life—who say that religion is a vain thing—and God a dream—let all such turn from this hasty sketch to the full, detailed story of Thérèse Martin, and unless their minds have lost all sense of the reality and credibility of testimony, unless they are numb to all impressions of truth, they will learn that here before their very eyes is the triumphant proof of the power of God: here are the works of the Spirit of Faith: the marriage of Heaven and earth: the defeat of death and the negation of the grave: the pathway traced by Christ followed by a child, who in turn is leading millions of human beings out of darkness into light, and life, and love.

Not in dim and dusty legends of the past, but here and now, is this great story being told. A saint has been with us in our own ways and days—a saint who prayed the most wonderful prayer recorded in all the annals of sanctity—the prayer that when her body died her soul should be allowed to remain on earth until time is no more, so that always and everywhere she might do what God Himself did when He became man—that she might go about doing good. She loved and still she loves God, and, next only to God, her neighbors.

And, as I looked at the pictured apotheosis made by the artist in his studio, there amid the blare and iron clangor of the great city's mechanical heart, I knew that I was only one of many thousands who could truthfully say—

"Concerning the power of this saint with God, I not only believe: I know—full well have I reason to know. The gigantic dynamos that hiss in the cellars beneath me, propelling huge machines, lighting a thousand lamps; the electric engines that draw the trains crashing through the tunnels below; the vast piles of steel and masonry all about me; the headlines flaring on all the news-stands; the banks, the stores, the offices, the crowds hurrying and scurrying on all the bread-and-butter errands of the day—all these are real enough, true enough, in their own way and place—but in the invisible souls of men is the Spirit, the breath of God, and it is more mighty than all other forces, more creative of that which is worth creation; and although that Spirit animates the soul of a saint with a force far beyond the reach of the rest of us, the very meaning of the saint is that there is in all our souls the spark of that Spirit which is the life breathed into us by our Maker. The saint shows what may be done to brighten that spark into a flame that will lighten all the world. Thérèse Martin shows us the way—her 'little way of self-surrender' to the will of God. And her way is the way that kingdoms and empires and republics, no less than individuals, must follow before peace can come to the world."

Sancta Theresa, ora pro nobis.

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LOUVAIN REVISITED

By HILAIRE BELLOC

(*A collection of books on architecture was donated to the Louvain University library at the recent architectural exhibition in New York—the latest evidence of the American interest in Louvain which Mr. Belloc celebrates in the following article. —The Editors.*)

I HAVE just revisited, after an absence of a year, the town of Louvain. Louvain is famous enough, and its theme hackneyed; but the actual sight of it today is astonishing, and that sight perhaps is the thing of which Americans may be proudest out of everything they may see in Europe. It is for this reason that I write of it first in the columns of an American paper.

I saw Louvain immediately after the Armistice (I had known it well before the war)—I visited it in that winter of 1918 before anything as yet of all that has been destroyed by the deliberate Prussian policy of destruction had re-arisen. I have visited it again at brief intervals in all the succeeding years, and during that time I have seen the rebuilding perpetually progressing, and the town taking on its new aspect.

Yet it was not until this last visit of mine the other day that the completeness of the recovery and the full, the overwhelming, effect of so much energy and determination impressed me in all its greatness.

I have heard it said that Europe was stunned by the war. That is true of some communities. It is profoundly true of the vanquished. They will never be the same again; at least not in our time, though their efforts are trumpeted throughout the world on account of the connection between them and the cosmopolitan finance which supports them. It may be true of other communities besides Germany that they are still stunned. It is certainly not true of France, and least of all Belgium. In no period of the past, I think, has there been so much activity with a strong, unqualified, inhabiting hope of the future. There is a spirit of work running through all these people now—of work "for the pleasure of it," which is astonishing.

But there is more than this in France and Belgium—and especially more than this in Louvain. There is here an attempt to reproduce the past, as well as to reconstruct the mere necessities of living. That attempt it has been impossible to fulfill entirely in the greater part of the devastated regions. The battlefield between Lille and St. Omer is flourishing again. There is no sign of trenches left—very few shellholes. Every farm is rebuilt, and mere masses of dust and broken stones and brick and rubble, such as Armentières was, are now new red towns, shining with fresh roofs of yesterday. But in all that region the attempt to reproduce the past in detail, or even in spirit, would be impossible. Here in Louvain the thing can be, and has been, done. It is especially remarkable in the new houses of the centre near the church of Saint Peter—of which I shall also speak in a moment. These new houses, in their gilding, their carving, their skyline—everything about them—are the old Flemish houses of the time before the war: only new. It is as though one had come upon them in their youth at the end of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, when first they were free of their scaffolding. It is astonishing indeed to see a people so strong in tradition—so powerful in execution—that they can thus call the dead to life. I have seen few similar successes in Europe, though the French work in the Main Square of Arras runs it close—and I have also seen one farmhouse (but only one—near Soissons) which was miraculous for such an effect, reproducing stone by stone the mediaeval front, and having deeply carved upon it three dates—one of the fifteenth century, when it was first built, of the opening of the war, when it was destroyed, and of its last restoration in 1922.

Louvain has not only this triumph, in reproducing the past, and of filling all the gaps of a town which had been devastated with wanton and calculated cruelty, but it has also achieved an effect of permanence; and nowhere will you see this better than in the restoration of the main church of Saint Peter. I cannot help regretting a little, myself, the substitution of iron for wood in the framework of the new roof. For age will not give it those slight indefinable curves which are the mark of woodwork in its maturity, and iron was never given to man for building. But the saving of the general effect, the minute attention to the stone, the resurrection of the whole thing is a delight.

A good test of contrast upon which to compare the restoration is the Town Hall. The Town Hall, it may be remembered, was spared. It was spared because the invaders were using it, and needed it. It had, indeed, been restored in our own time—in the 'eighties, if I remember rightly, but it was still substantially the magnificent old building of the last of the Gothic, which is famous throughout Europe: the innumerable little windows of its roof; the innumerable details of sculpture upon its front and sides; and, best of all, the intensely lively high-reliefs of Bible history supporting its statues. Now perhaps everywhere else in Europe—let alone in the area of rapid reconstruction—the new swears with the old; but here it is not so. The Town Hall of Louvain, the spirit of which, and most of the actual material of which, date from before the disruption of Europe four hundred years ago, marries with all the new work, as well as all the old work around.

I opened by saying that there was no site in Europe where an American should feel prouder than in these once ruined and now risen walls of Louvain—and I

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say this on account of the University. We suffer under a rubbish heap of sham emotions dumped down as an effect of the war, at least, almost all those emotions are sham, except the very vigorous emotions of hate which proceed from outraged justice. But of the more generous moods, one at least is genuine—and that is the fervent, deep-seated gratitude which the people of Louvain bear towards those of the United States.

The restoration of the library went to the heart of everyone, and the new University, rising enormous above the new town, stirs them hardly less. As a rule, when I see a foreign language in any place, it has an irritant effect upon me—or, at any rate, in any civilized place of the occident (for I suppose it is natural and right that in the barbarous uncertain marches of the East they should use, for a decoration, some civilized tongue. But I confess that here, in Louvain, when I saw the English language (standing for an American firm upon the placard which surmounts the rising wall of the University arcade) I felt a glow of pleasure. Here, at least, is a piece of giving, whole-hearted and abundantly useful.

I only tremble lest this good deed should meet the fate of most good deeds—and what that is, I will not spoil these few words by saying. Anyhow, let not any American traveler fail to visit Louvain when he next sees Europe—for it will give him good cause to be proud of his country.

THE QUESTION OF SENATE REFORM

By HENRY JONES FORD

A MATTER which facilitates Mr. Dawes's efforts and hampers his opponents, is that this is a case in which the customary appeal to the wisdom of the Fathers is not available. Unlimited debate was not originally among the privileges of the Senate. The rules adopted at the first session provided that "in case of a debate becoming tedious, four senators may call for the question," and this expedient for shutting off debate was freely used. The diary kept by Senator Maclay of Pennsylvania, in an entry under date of March 2, 1791, notes that "every one that attempts to speak is silenced with the cry of 'Question!'" It is not likely that our national government could have been set going at all if the anti-Federalists had had the facilities for obstruction which now exist. According to the late Speaker Reed, those facilities were first introduced when the slave-owning interest felt the need of fortifying its position. The rules of the Senate were then shaped so that, on sufficient occasion, any important element of the community could wield a veto power. Calhoun argued that "it is this mutual negative among its various conflicting interests which invests each with the power of protecting itself, and places the rights and safety of each, where only they can be securely placed—under its own guardianship." So far was this arrangement from being unconstitutional, that he held that it is "the power of preventing or arresting the action of the government . . . which in fact forms the Constitution."

But then, it may be asked, has not the time come for removing this slavery imprint from the rules of the Senate? This was done for the rules of the House by the revision accomplished in 1889 through Speaker Reed's efforts. Is it not high time that the rules of the Senate too should be put in such shape as to provide for the orderly transaction of public business instead of obstructing it? It was a scandal that it took the Senate over twenty years to dispose of the Isle of Pines Treaty. The mere statement of such a situation is enough to condemn it.

And yet there are considerations which indicate that results will be disastrous if reform does not go deeper and farther than a mere tinkering of the Senate rules. For one thing, if the present ability of a minority to hold up legislation be withdrawn, that will not end minority control over procedure, but will, in fact, facilitate it. The Senate is so constituted that a majority of its membership may be far from representing a corresponding majority of the people. Ten states, represented by twenty senators, have many millions more population than thirty-four states, with a representation of sixty-eight. It is quite possible for a measure to command a strong majority in the Senate without corresponding national support. In 1896, when the Senate substituted a free-silver bill for the treasury-relief-bond bill passed by the House, the vote stood 42 to 35, but the minority represented 8,000,000 more people than the majority; and in that same year, when the people got a chance to pass on that issue at the polls, they smashed it for good and all.

The framers of the Constitution expected that the House of Representatives would be—like the House of Commons—the principal seat of legislative authority. "Against the force of the immediate representatives of the people," wrote Madison in the Federalist, "nothing will be able to maintain even the constitutional authority of the Senate, but such display of enlightened policy and attachment to the public good, as will divide with that branch of the legislature the affections and support of the entire body of the people themselves." No one at that time could have imagined that the Senate would acquire the control over taxes, appropriations and public policy which it now exercises—or that the House of Representatives would ever sink into such a state of weakness and inferiority as that in which it now remains. There is nothing like it anywhere else

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in the world. It is a complete anomaly, but that anomaly is connected with another anomaly—which is that our House is the only representative body in the world that does not have the government present at its sessions. That is the cause of its peculiar weakness, not only in its relations with the Senate but also in its relations to the President. It is impossible to ignore the representative assembly when its sessions constitute a forum in which the government must appear. But our House has put itself in such a situation that nobody pays any attention to its debates, and the newspapers do not think it worth while to report them.

As a consequence of these anomalies, legislative procedure has assumed a peculiar character which is also a complete anomaly. The traditional attitude of constitutional government is that legislation is a serious business, to be only sparingly indulged. It wears the form of a grant of power to rulers, and the question which the representatives of the people have to decide is whether they will consent to it. They have constantly in mind that every law affects rights and duties, and the habitual attitude towards proposals is critical and inquisitive. With us the situation is altogether different. Congress functions as a legislative mill to which every member brings his district grist, and he demands and obtains his share of opportunity to pass laws wanted by influential people in his district. Success as a district-solicitor has become the test of congressional merit, and it alone is emphasized in electioneering announcements. With every member rooting for his district, there is, of course, a press of demands for legislative action. Indeed, members plume themselves on the number of bills they introduce. Even if a measure is so cranky or ridiculous that sponsorship of it will be avoided, it may nevertheless be put in as having been introduced by request, and copies will be printed and distributed at public expense, as an instance of congressional readiness to oblige. The natural result of such activities is an enormous flood of legislation. From the Fifty-fourth to the Fifty-ninth Congress inclusive, the number of House bills increased from 10,378 to 25,897; of Senate bills, from 3,736 to 8,627; and since then the number has kept on increasing. It is often the case that more bills are introduced in Congress in a single day than are introduced in the British Parliament during an entire session. To get enacted what he wants, a member must of course be willing to help his colleagues to get what they want—and so the practice of what is known as "log-rolling" has become the chief agency of legislation. From the Fifty-fourth to the Fifty-ninth Congress, the number of public laws enacted during the session increased from 434 to 774; of private laws, from 514 to 6,249; and this dreadful legislative output is still increasing. State legislatures behave in the same way. During the five years, 1909-1913 inclusive, Congress and the state legislatures passed in all, 62,014 statutes.

In view of existing congressional arrangements and the practices resulting therefrom, the transaction of business in regular order is quite impossible. In a thoughtful analysis of the situation, Congressman Olmsted of Pennsylvania pointed out that it would take over seventy years to go through the calendars in regular order, if only one minute's time was allowed to each member on each bill. To cope with this situation, a coercive power has been developed, vested in the Committee on Rules. This committee has power to put on its passage any bill it chooses, with such allotment of time for debate as it deems expedient. This committee used to consist of the Speaker and a few members chosen by him; and by means of this committee the Speaker could in practice decide what the House should be allowed to do. But in Speaker Cannon's time, the House revolted and took action excluding the Speaker from membership on the rules committee, which at present functions under direction of the party caucus. In actual practice, a small group of party leaders in the House controls its legislative opportunities—but these leaders have to reckon with the constant pressure of district demands. It used to be that there was a check of much practical value in revenue limitations, but since heavy taxation of incomes has become established as an ordinary fiscal resource, this check is much weakened—if not indeed wholly removed. The present disposition of Congress is to act upon the assumption that the treasury is an inexhaustible pool of plenty. The same assumption is now also prevalent among reformers. Various leagues, associations, and societies are constantly importuning Congress to authorize additional public functions, create new offices and new sources of expenditure.

With such conditions and propensities in existence, any sort of a check upon legislation is valuable, and so much at least must be conceded in behalf of the present Senate rules. They are susceptible of abuse, and there have been instances of gross abuse—but in their ordinary operation they really possess a more salutary character than shows on the surface. But now that the issue has been distinctly raised and is receiving energetic championship, it would be a great tactical blunder to set up a flat opposition to reform of the Senate rules. The only sound policy is to broaden the issue so as to bring up for examination and settlement the entire legislative process—a matter which necessarily includes the relations the administration should sustain to the process. It is really to defect in that particular, that most of our troubles are due.

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WHAT IS HAPPENING IN MEXICO?

III. THE PRESIDENT AND HIS "PATRIARCH"

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

THE attack on La Soledad was a scheme to split the Catholic Church in Mexico. It was not a deep-laid scheme—on the contrary it was the work of shallow, naïve, half-savage intellects, and was therefore characterized by violence, utter lack of logic, and brazen illegality. President Calles has no religion, but his action in supporting Perez and the "Catholic, Apostolic, Mexican Church" would eventually place him in the position of Henry VIII or the Czars, as the head of a national church. Moreover, the instruments he selected prove that he is a bad judge of character and has no knowledge of the world.

The disreputable priest Monje, who was presented with the parish of La Soledad by "Patriarch" Perez and for whose sake, indeed, the whole raid was carried out, is a foreigner—a Gallego from the province of Lugo; and in view of the law which compels all foreign priests to leave the country, the President's selection of Monje was extraordinarily indiscreet. In fact, it was doubly a mistake, for on February 28, Monje, who (along with Perez) had been solemnly excommunicated on February 23 by Dr. José Mora y del Rio, the Archbishop of Mexico, made his submission to Rome in terms of the most profound humility—even going so far as to write to the press on the subject. He was a man of immoral life, but one must admit that he has now made a manly and creditable attempt to undo the scandal he has caused. He is at present on his way to Rome in order to beg pardon at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff; but unfortunately his place at the "Patriarch's" side has been taken by a suspended Mexican priest called Gomes.

Perez, the principal figure, is a Mexican padre of such bad reputation that he has been suspended for the last ten years. For some time he was a curate in Texcoco and Tepetlaoxtoc, and in the latter place the life he led was so scandalous that he several times fell into the hands of the police, and there are a number of cases still pending against him. On one occasion, when in a state of intoxication, he assaulted a resident of Santa Cruz Mexicapa and was sent to prison in consequence; he procured his release before he had served his full sentence on the plea that he was suffering from mental trouble. As a matter of fact, many of the former parishioners believe that he is suffering from mental trouble, and that this fact accounts for his present aberrations.

He had not been long out of jail before he was in again, on the more serious charge of having outraged a woman from Santa Cruz. The Court of First Instance at Texcoco tried the case. When next we hear of this worthy gentleman, we are not surprised to find him in the Mexican National army—an army wherein most of the soldiers are now Yaqui Indians, wherein all the commissariat work is done by soldadas—the wives or concubines of the soldados (soldiers)—an army in which the women and children outnumber the men and the generals outnumber the privates. Generals are so numerous in this country that they overflow out of the army and inundate civil life: you cannot throw a stone in the street without hitting a general: two male servants of a ranch-owner whom I know here are both full-blown generals. That, under these circumstances, Perez was unable to attain a higher rank than captain, is hardly creditable to him. His military activities were confined to court martial work in the Santiago military prison, where he was the secretary to one of the judges, but, in December last, he was retired from the army, "for reasons of economy, and in connection with the plan of army reduction which is being carried out."

Thus left without employment, Perez sought to reënter the Church, but the Archbishop would not receive him; and when next we hear of him he is "Patriarch" of the "Catholic, Apostolic, Church of Mexico," and has ceased naturally to believe in clerical celibacy, or in the doctrine of eternal punishment, or in the supremacy of the Pope.

This is the ecclesiastic of whom President Calles speaks in a reverential tone as "the Patriarch." The open support which the President has given to this disreputable man is condemned in the strongest possible manner by the entire press of Mexico—the newspapers which are non-Catholic being as hostile as those which are Catholic. On February 24, the Excelsior, the greatest newspaper here, but not by any means a Catholic paper, published the following editorial—

> A very great scandal has been provoked by the appearance of a "church" which calls itself "Catholic, Apostolic and Mexican," and which enjoys the arbitrary and unjust support of certain authorities. It is not a question of a new schism . . . so much as of a new persecution directed against the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church—the only church acknowledged by the immense majority of Mexicans—the only church associated with the greatest traditions of this country. The men who have perpetrated this act of Jacobinism, this criminal act of savagery, cannot be regarded as men of any standing or as men of even mediocre intelligence. . . . As for the police of the metropolis, the most elementary obligations of their duty required them to protect the Catholics against the intruders the very instant the latter entered the church of La Soledad; but, on the contrary, the police

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not only abstained from supporting the Catholics but threw their whole weight on the side of the "schismatics;" and several policemen even went so far as to fire on the people, a number of whom were wounded by the bullets.

It is simply a case of anti-Catholic persecution by men whom the government should never protect and never even acknowledge; not only because they are violating the fundamental laws of the country, but because their conduct constitutes an offense to the religious conscience of the Mexican people, and exposes the government to the reproach of being guilty of the unqualifiable stupidity of supporting a dozen adventurers without reputation and without doctrine—adventurers who are carrying on their evil work in the shadow of a bogus "Catholic Church."

According to the constitution of the republic, the churches are the property of the nation, and the clergy only have the use of them for religious services. Therefore, no one has the right to seize one of these churches by armed force as the disciples of the "Catholic, Apostolic, Mexican Church" have done. All public buildings belong to the nation, and the government would never permit a mob to take possession of any of them. The authorities have all along recognized Father Silva as the legitimate administrator of La Soledad. Why, then, does it permit a few dozen individuals belonging to no legally constituted organization, without any social standing, without any show of right on their side, to invade the church of La Soledad and take it by force from the priest in charge of it?

Beyond all shadow of doubt the members of the new "sect" have committed a formal and serious breach of the law; and we are astonished that such a legal expert as Dr. Gilberto Valenzuelo [the Minister of the Interior] . . . has not taken the only course possible in the circumstances to an official in his position: has not handed the authors of this outrage over to the police. Señor Almada is our Inspector of Police. What would he do if a mob took possession of the National Museum, or the University, or the Ministry of the Interior? Yet, according to the law, the churches are public buildings to exactly the same extent as these—and only a rabid Jacobinism will discover any difference in these absolutely identical cases.

Luckily for the churches, their persecutors have overreached themselves on this occasion. It is not possible for those persecutors to tear out of the hearts of the people a belief so great, so ancient, so solid as the belief in Christianity—a belief glorified and exalted by generations of artists, of saints, of men illustrious in every branch of human activity. It is certainly not possible for their persecutors to destroy those beliefs by setting up a bogus "church" which calls itself "Mexican" and in which one of the two "Pontiffs" is a foreigner of bad reputation and the other an ex-captain whose way of life has lain as far as it is possible to lie from the devout discipline of religion and the practice of the nobler virtues.

It is a great pity that the government makes common cause with the disciples of the new "religion," for the government thus shows that it is a persecutor of the Church, and that it continues to imitate slavishly the Russian Bolshevist government which has made itself ridiculous by the creation of a Red church.

In another editorial, published on March 3, the same paper declares that—

> All the influence of the government has been thrown into the scale on the side of the "schismatics." As soon as those "schismatics" had seized La Soledad, the government lent them the assistance of its armed forces. It is even said that a dozen of the "Knights of Guadalupe" who supported Perez, were really agents of the police; and it is certain that several government officers lent official or unofficial support to the new "church."

A liberal use of inverted commas will be noticed in the above quotations. They are all to be found in the original, and they are wisely used, for, as I have already pointed out, there are really no schismatics—there is really no new Mexican church—religion has nothing to do with this matter at all. It is all a political adventure launched by men who have no religious convictions whatever; and when eventually a church is given to the "schismatics," as President Calles has promised, that church will at first be a cause of strife and bloodshed every Sunday, then it will suddenly be found to lack both priest and congregation. The latter stage will be reached when the "priest" and the "faithful" have divided up the jewelry on the sacred images, and appropriated the altar plate. "La Virgen de la Soledad de Santa Cruz," the famous and highly venerated statue in the sequestered church of La Soledad, was ornamented with jewels and with a crown of gold—gifts of many generations of pious Catholics, gifts of very great pecuniary value; but it is extremely improbable that these ornaments will be there when La Soledad is opened to the public as an educational museum; and it would be safe to wager that there will be similar disappearances in the case of any other churches which the "schismatics" seize.

I shall conclude this article with a quotation from Señor Sanchez Azcona, a prominent publicist who is not himself a Catholic. He points out very truly—

> The action of the government in the La Soledad case amounts to the support by the government of a religious sect to the disadvantage of another sect, and is therefore a close approximation to the reëstablishment of a state religion. Such reëstablishment would mean the destruction of the most elementary conquests made by our glorious reform [i. e., by the "Laws of Reform" of 1857,—laws which disestablished the Church and confiscated all church property.]

From which it will be seen that President Calles has offended everybody—Catholics and anti-Catholics.

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LEAD, KINDLY GLOOM

By RONALD A. KNOX

THE DEAN of St. Paul's has been at it again, in the Atlantic Monthly. He is discussing Religion in the Future, and it will easily be believed that his forecast is not a particularly roseate one. Evidently he has been called in, like Balaam, to curse Israel (that is, Catholics) and, by implication, to bless the Moabites (represented by Protestantism). Like Balaam, he finds it impossible to bless according to schedule; what hopes he holds out for any sort of organized religion are rare and flimsy. Unlike Balaam, he is quite prepared to deliver the goods when it comes to the cursing part; and he repeats (rather wearisomely, perhaps) the string of Nordic runes under which Catholics are so frequently expected to wither. It is no good arguing with Dean Inge, if only because he regards us as incapable of reason. But there is something about him (as there was, apparently, about Balaam) which makes it impossible even for an irrational animal to withhold its protest.

All he can find to say about the future of Protestantism is that if it manages to make terms with Humanism, by abandoning its belief in miracles and (doubtless as a kind of compensation) believing in modern science, there is some chance that the West (though not, of course, the East) will achieve some sort of civilized religion, unless Bolshevism blows our civilization to smithereens first. Not, perhaps, a very generous tribute to the abiding influence of Ridley and Latimer. One fancies that a Protestant might rise from a perusal of the article with something of that Who's-Forgotten-his-Kruschen feeling.

But the Dean is backed both ways. It may be that the nations of the West are "really progressing;" if so, he will have the satisfaction of feeling that the truth prevails. If western civilization is on the down grade (in which case "we may expect to see a revival of magic, priestcraft, immoral superstition, and narrow bigotry") truth will not prevail, but the Dean will have the satisfaction of having told us that it wouldn't. But it is difficult not to be struck with the impression that he is privately convinced of a future division of the world between Popery and Bolshevism and is desperately trying to persuade himself that the inevitable will not happen. I should be happy indeed if my hopes were quite as lively as the Dean's fears.

The thing that seems chiefly to weigh on his mind just now is the Catholic birth rate. He does not, of course, see in this the result of Catholic ethics on the marriage question: otherwise, he urges, why should France and Belgium have almost the lowest birth rates in the world? Let us pause for a moment to admire that sentiment. If we were to argue, say, that the war record of the French proved them to be a fine nation, is it not certain that the Dean would at once get up and correct us with the statement that Catholics in France were only a minority? But when it comes to the birth rate, and the low birth rate of France is to be discussed, he immediately treats France as a solidly Catholic country.

However, as he says the high birth rate in Ireland and French Canada has nothing at all to do with Catholic ethics; it is a phenomenon which always goes with a degraded level of civilization. And since the Irish and the French-Canadians are, of course, at the very nadir of civilization, it is only natural that they should have large families. But he has some hope that this process will be arrested as the Irish become more civilized; at least, that is presumably what he means when he says that "the fecundity of the backward Catholic peoples may be a transient phenomenon." He clearly regards it as an inexorable law that uncivilized peoples breed rapidly, so it must be assumed that he has hopes of the Irish rising in the scale. Well, well. Let the Dean take the mixture of Socinianism and Malthusianism which he calls civilization over to Dublin and see how it will thrive there. It is to be feared though, in spite of his frequent references to the Sermon on the Mount, that he has not the conciliatory address which one would look for in a successful missionary.

The conclusion to which he comes (though it is hard to see how it emerges from any one of his arguments) is that "there are some discoveries or revelations on which the human race does not go back. Of these the Christian religion is one, and modern science is another."

He proceeds throughout the argument on the irritatingly foolish assumption that modern science has made it, in some mysterious way, more difficult to believe in miracles, as if the law of uniformity in nature were a scientific and not a philosophical one; or modern science had discovered the law of uniformity in nature; or it would be even possible to form the concept of "miracle" without believing in the uniformity of nature to start with. However, one must not expect him to abandon the repetition of these dreary old shibboleths. We may be quite at one with him when he says that the human race does not go back on modern science. The human race believed in modern science in the days of Tutankhamen; it believed in modern science in the days of Aristotle; it does still; it will a hundred years hence. Only, will what is modern science now be modern science then? Whatever it be it certainly cannot destroy our belief in miracles unless it manages to destroy our belief in the uniformity of nature first.

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And the Christian religion: On what ground precisely does the Dean feel so confident that the human race will not go back on that? For those who believe in a more traditional form of the Christian religion the assumption is natural enough. But if the Dean's form of Christianity were the only one in the field how long would it be good for? Personally I would not give it a hundred years.

All modernism is a parasitic growth, which derives its life from the orthodoxy on which it preys. Men use the Christian language because they half-admire the Christian institution and want to share its glamor without accepting its intellectual demands. If orthodox Christianity, per impossibile, were to cease, the Dean's Christianity might perhaps survive it for a generation or two. But it would survive it as the glow survives the torch, or the echo survives the song—for a pathetic moment of memory.

EVOLUTION: IS THE TIDE TURNING?

By WILLIAM L. HORNSBY

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY has just published its Louis Clark Vanuxem lectures of 1924, which were delivered by Louis T. More, professor of physics at the University of Cincinnati. The volume appears under the significant title—The Dogma of Evolution. Is it come to this! Is evolution losing even its dubious status as a scientific hypothesis, and sinking to the level of a mere dogma, a teaching accepted only on authority? And that, too, in Professor Conklin's stronghold of evolutionary doctrine!

Professor More is a scientist of long experience, and although his work has been along different lines, two reasons appear why he has devoted special attention to the question of evolution and made it the subject of these lectures. First, he is preparing to publish something on the history of science, and for that reason has had to make himself familiar with the long discussion of evolution; and secondly, he seems to resent some of the appeals and references made by biologists to his own science. Being accustomed to the exact terminology, rigorous methods and general precision of physics and mathematics, he animadverts pointedly upon the rather unsettled vocabulary of biologists, their looseness of reasoning, and their deficiency in physics and mathematics, when they touch upon points pertaining to those sciences. His criticism of the mechanistic theory of life is highly satisfactory, being in its very earnestness and soundness as entertaining as it is convincing.

He is unsparing in his criticism and does not mince words. He quotes Delage and says that he "is writing nonsense." He cites Henry F. Osborn's four categories of energy, and comments—

> Could any better way of muddling thought be devised than to give four incongruous definitions to his fundamental terms? . . . When we analyze the conclusions of biological monism we shall find that the biologists speak of matter and force and energy, and they say life is one of their manifestations, but they are using words which convey no meaning.

Even of such a competent and serious scientist as E. B. Wilson, Professor More suggests that he, like other biologists, sins by saying that he understands what he does not. He adduces passages from Huxley, which seem to show that the earliest doughty protagonist of evolution was, to say the least, not consistent; as he admitted that he used materialistic terminology while repudiating materialistic philosophy. Professor Conklin, in his own citadel, was not spared pointed criticism.

What Professor More appears to resent particularly is the usurpation by some biologists of physical terms and phrases, as if they hoped thereby to claim for their speculations some of the certainty of physics. "The first thing," he says, "which the materialistic monist should do is to learn physics, and next find some quantitative relations between physical and biological phenomena."

In view of such strictures on the once sacred doctrine of evolution, delivered by a scientist at Princeton, the reflection suggests itself—Is the tide turning in the scientific estimate of the theory? Biologists, it is true, for the most part, still hold firm in support of the hypothesis, some of them consistently with their general monistic philosophy, and some rather inconsistently, as Professor More points out. They are extremely loath to admit there can be any doubt about the "fact" of evolution, while freely granting that no satisfactory explanation of it has been given. Just the other day, as the papers report, Professor Conklin, feeling perhaps that he had reason to be particularly aggrieved by the strictures of Professor More, took occasion in an address at the University of Pennsylvania to reiterate the assertion that evolution is firmly held as a fact in biological circles generally. Even Bateson, the foremost English biologist, was stirred by Bryan's campaign and its consequences, some two years ago, to express himself strongly in support of the theory which his own sincere criticism has done so much to weaken. Such reiterated protestations seem to show rather a weakness of the cause. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Besides this noteworthy work of Professor More, there are not wanting other indications that evolution is beginning to lose the devotion of the scientific world

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which it has commanded these several generations past. One authority, M. H. Loeb, professor of zoölogy in the University of Chicago, declares that the question of the transformation of species is no longer important to biologists. Another scientist, Wilson D. Wallis, writing in the American Naturalist (January-February, 1925) makes a plain plea for the "unprejudiced consideration for the facts of life, whether they seem to fit into our larger scheme of evolution or fail to fit." "No one," he continues, "can read the history of physical anthropology without seeing that the evolutionary idea has largely dominated its ambitions, and determined its findings; sometimes, we are convinced, to the detriment of truth."

From Europe we have the recent important work of Professor Vialleton, of the faculty of medicine of Montpellier, giving, as a conclusion to an exhaustive treatise on the limbs and limb-girdles of tetrapods, a very destructive criticism of transformism. (Membres et Ceintures des Vertébrés Tétrapodes: Critique Morphologique du Transformisme; Paris: 1924.) The author appears to enjoy an established reputation in his line of work, and his criticism is all first-hand, from his own exact, trained observation and study. He writes merely as a scientist; not at all as one whom the French would call a clérical, and Professor Bateson an obscurantist. At the end of the work, he concludes thus—

> If it is shown, as we have tried to do, that "evolution" has never been realized as it should be according to the theory; that the proofs from embryology, anatomy, systematic classification, invoked in its favor, have not the value attributed to them; that they rest upon misunderstandings, all of which arise more or less directly from the anthropomorphic idea of an ascending scale of animal life; that the transformations postulated are absolutely impossible under the conditions and in the definite way demanded—we must come to acknowledge that we know nothing of the origin of life or of living things.

His work in morphology included a thorough study of embryology and also of heredity. As to the latter, his conclusion is clear and to the point.

> Heredity is an invisible force which governs the development of the product of generation in such a way as always to produce beings, if not absolutely identical with their parents, at least very like to them. . . Heredity is a force the action of which is limited to the specific type, without going outside of it or borrowing anything whatever from other types.

This conclusion is in line with that of Professor Jennings of Johns Hopkins University, who seems to hold that the potency of the germ cell can never be changed. "Germ cells," he says, "like other living substances, have a great tendency to compensate for any disturbance induced in them; their condition is one of stable equilibrium, in which an alteration is followed by a return to the original condition."

It may be of interest, in connection with Professor Vialleton, to note the contrast between the logical Frenchman and the less logical Anglo-Saxon. Professor Vialleton simply refuses to accept evolution, because scientific facts, as he understands them, do not support it; Professor Bateson, who equally, as Professor More says, knocks one prop after another from under the theory, until it seems to be left quite without support, still concludes with assurance—"Let us then proclaim in precise and unmistakable language that our faith in evolution is unshaken!" We may thank him, at least, for calling it "faith," justifying the unpalatable phrase, "the Dogma of Evolution." Such a logical process may well be instanced by Professor More as an example of loose reasoning.

Another significant indication of a change of attitude towards evolution, is the announcement by a leading publishing house, among its "spring books," of The Case Against Evolution, by one who is described as having "an unusual equipment for throwing light upon the subject . . . obviously a student of theology, philosophy and biology." Dr. G. Barry O'Toole is all that, and he has given ample evidence of his ability to make out a strong case, not by any narrow, one-sided argumentation, but by a comprehensive and logical treatment, based upon first-hand and up-to-date information.

Whether I have made out a plausible case for a turn of the tide in scientific opinion concerning organic evolution, the reader may judge. But one thing can certainly be stated without reserve—one clear gain in the interest of sound philosophy to be set down to the good. The materialistic philosophy, of which evolution originally was part and parcel, has been fairly well discredited. Not only Driesch in Germany has come out squarely for a vital principle—entelechy—distinct from matter, but Haldane in England and McDougall in this country, to mention but two, maintain that the materialistic theory of life is no longer tenable. Not that they have found any true and consistent system to substitute for the discarded materialistic monism; far from it, indeed, as notably in the case of Professor Haldane. But at least they stoutly maintain that matter alone cannot explain life and its functions. The best witness to this reaction in scientific thought is the veteran scientist Henry F. Osborn, whose personal recollections go back to Darwin, Huxley and Spencer. Writing in the Forum (February, 1925) he says, not without a note of sadness—

> The genesis of the intellectual and spiritual powers of man through the Lamarck-Spencerian hypothesis of use and disuse, fails as entirely as does the survival of the fittest, or any other utilitarian theory of the genesis of the mind and of the soul. The purely materialistic theories prevailing when I was studying philosophy and biology in 1876 have fallen by the wayside.

And he consoles himself by the reflection that "rationalists have had as many falls as theologians. Honors are even!"

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Evolution has held sway now in science and philosophy for well over half a century, and its materialistic influence has been felt in almost every department of life. Monism grew up with Darwinism, as Professor More says; Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Haeckel and Fiske have shaped the course of society in which we live.

If the doctrine of organic evolution was so ardently championed in the latter half of the last century, it was because it was thought to contain a materialistic explanation of the universe. Now that materialistic monism has lost its dominant sway over scientific thought, evolution will have to stand on its own merit or give way. Facts will be looked squarely in the face, and if they point to undoubted discontinuity of natural species both at present and in the past; to the isolation of the germ cells and their unchanging potency; to a condition of stable equilibrium in the factors of heredity, an alteration being followed by a return to the original condition; to the mechanical impossibility of one structure, with its special adaptation of bone and muscle, passing through modifications to another; to the utter insufficiency of the suggested causes and methods of the supposed evolution—if these and similar points be acknowledged as facts and as irreconcilable with the theory of the transformation of species, this theory, cost what it may to many who hold it dear, will gradually be abandoned. For this consummation, the indications alleged may perhaps seem to show that we may not have long to wait.

COMMUNICATIONS

IS EDUCATION ADRIFT?

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Permit me to offer congratulations on an editorial article in the April 29 issue of The Commonweal entitled—Is Education Adrift? The subject is probably the most fundamental problem that we have to face in this generation—one which we share with all the post-war world; but particularly closely with our non-Catholic fellow-citizens; with the advantage however, that we possess throughout the world, available experience grown out of definite principle, and uniform policy consistently followed over centuries.

It is to be hoped most ardently that this editorial will call forth, or that the Editor will invite a very full discussion, not only by professional educators, but by those many who realize what they want and need, and yet feel a very natural hesitancy to raise an inexperienced voice among the experts.

It is accurate to say, as a Catholic essayist in the March Forum did say, that the cultural level of the Catholic Church in America has been low, and is improving; but one would wish to see that too brief statement extended to adequacy on this opportunity.

The first Catholics in colonial America, north and south of the Equator, and those who came into the United States up to the first half of the nineteenth century, brought with them of necessity (since they were Europeans) the social categories of Europe. Our educators, being also Europeans, recognized the distinguishing needs of classes to which they also belonged. The Jesuits, notably, attacking heresy at its source (in the princes and feudal lords of Europe) had founded very early in their history, colleges for the sons of these feudal lords, in which to hold them to the Faith and to prepare them for their responsibilities as rulers—the tradition of which persisted here for a while, and still lingers in Europe to suit local conditions. At that early period of American Catholic history, Catholic culture, in spite of Catholic disabilities, was as high as that of Europe.

With the growth of industrial democracy and the attendant expansion of effort to meet and obviate some of the more obvious evils of industrialism; with the enormous development of organized immigration to the United States; Catholic education adapted itself to the majority need, wisely and well. It was a general raising of level that was needed. Those who were already above the level may have suffered in the process—but it was inevitable. I think it may be said without offense, that in view of the majority-need, education gave place, generally speaking, to schooling among our overworked Orders and congregations—as was also the case in our public schools. This general raising is now fairly complete and compares again with the general level in Europe. In the United States the advantage lies certainly with the average of Catholic schools—due exception being made of certain first class Friends' and Episcopalian private schools.

Strictly speaking, the question is not now (our reference being to Catholic education) "is education adrift?" but rather —"is it not now urgently necessary to recognize the progress made in mass education, that it has served its necessary purpose, and to develop selectively to meet present needs?"

I submit that democracy may also be considered as the flowering of aristocracy. Not as the pulling down of all to a dead level, but development of all the best, as a standard to be attained by all within the measure of individual ability.

It strikes me very forcibly that this is our educational problem: not that we are drifting, but that having laid our foundations exceedingly solidly and well, it behooves us Americans, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, to push work vigorously on the edifice itself.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE MYSTERY OF MAN'S CREATION

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—A great deal of confusion exists in the minds of many scientists and would-be theologians, concerning the origin of our race: because it is just as fruitless to try to explain the mode of creation of our first parents by the natural laws of biology, as it would be to describe the Virgin Birth, Incarnation or Resurrection of Our Divine Lord, as a natural evolutionary process.

Adam and Eve had a supernatural origin because they had a supernatural destiny, which we know by faith was lost by their sin, and can be regained only by the grace of Jesus Christ.

REV. HENRY H. WYMAN, C.S.P.

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The Feast of Padre Chala

(Tocaima, Colombia)

There are solemn figures walking up the roadway to Tocaima;
There are gestures and loud talking 'neath sombreros and umbrellas;
For the sun is shining brightly through the palms along the valley,
And the bells are tinkling lightly for the feast-day of Saint Thomas.
Padre Chala, with bandanna, stands and greets them from the doorway—
And the belfry rings Hosanna as they mount unto the chapel;
Padre Gomez de Camilla, on his easy-pacing mula,
And the Padre Carrasquilla, reining in his restive stallion.
While on foot come Fray Ansado, rector of the Recoletos,
Padre Ramon de Tejado, preacher from the Jesuitas,
And the portly Fray Rosildo, from the house of San Domingo.
And lean Fray Hermenegildo, from Our Lady de la Peña.
Carmelites and Augustinians, Escolapians and Marists,
All are airing their opinions, as they tread the dusty highway;
And their steps become the faster near the belfry of Tocaima,
Where the Padre Chala, pastor, is awaiting with his dinner.
In the early morn the squawking from the barnyard of the Cura,
Set the neighborhood a-talking of the chickens old Jesusa
Was preparing for the dinner of the feast-day of the parish.
What a spread for saint and sinner!—Cool papayas, aguacates,
Juicy yuccas and melones, with the plátanos and piñas,
And the maizes and riñones, from the sopa to the dulces!
As the Cura asked the blessing, and his guests were bowed in silence,
One could hear the parrot calling from the garden a petition—
"Pray for us!" (it was the loro) "Pray for us, O great Saint Thomas!"
As it learned it from the coro and had chanted and repeated,
Years without a variation—"Pray for us, O great Saint Thomas!"
And from this demure oration, it had never deigned to vary,
Though the brightest minds had striven, with most implicating questions
To have explanations given for devotion so exclusive;
But the Cura their endeavor answered—"Ask not what Saint Thomas—
'Tis our patron-saint, however, our Saint Thomas of Tocaima!"
Padre Ramon, forward leaning, with his finger made objection:
"Yet the customary meaning of the Church in such connections,
With no other term appended, is to indicate Apostles—
So 'twould seem to us intended, that this sole ejaculation
Of the loro, is the Doubter—Thomas Didymus, Apostle!"
Fray Rosildo, red and stouter, choking down a piece of chicken,
Gave it out as his opinion, where there was a greater figure
In theology's dominion, such as Thomas the Aquinas,
That his claims should be admitted in the naming of the patron.
Padre Carrasquilla twitted Padre Ramon's orthodoxy,
Blinking through his glasses merry: "Should we seek distinguished patrons,
There is Thomas Canterbury, if we won't accept Apostles!"
While an Augustinian friar: "He, of Spanish Villanova,
Our Saint Thomas," he'd inquire—"how about him as a patron?"
While they argued, there came swooping o'er the patio a falcon,
Which dropped down upon the loro, scooping it amid its talons,
While the priests and servants hurried, as it rose above the garden,
Where poor Padre Chala worried, and bemoaned his ravished loro.
Sudden in the upper reaches of the noontide's blazing splendor,
Woke the startled loro's screeches: "Pray for us, O great Saint Thomas!"
And the frightened falcon, hearing, loosed its prey and soared defeated—
While the loro reappearing, took his perch and sat unruffled.

Then the Padre Chala, kneeling, with his pious guests around him,
Raised his broken voice, appealing: " 'Tis a miracle of Heaven!
Let us cease our disputations, raise no further points about him—
Praise Saint Thomas of Tocaima—none can question now or doubt him!"

THOMAS WALSH.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Mikado

THERE is not very much lustre to the current revival of The Mikado until William Danforth makes his entry. Then glamorous lights begin to play about the stage. You are once more fully recaptured by Gilbert and Sullivan. For Danforth fairly bristles with the Gilbertian mood—not the mere restatement of an ancient mood, but the full quiver and glow of it regenerated. He is the unquestioned star of the performance.

There is something in the true Gilbertian mood that always crackles gaily without being dry. Compared to it, our ordinary mood of musical review or musical play is ponderously oversweetened, foreboding somnolence. When an actor becomes fully imbued with Gilbert, his step becomes more elastic, his gestures more incisive and clearly marked, his mirth has more tang, and his customary tradition of "naturalness" vanishes before a magnificent and buoyant exaggeration. Danforth, as the Mikado, does all this and more; he radiates.

One would like to say the same thing about Lupino Lane as Ko-Ko. Certainly Mr. Lane tries hard enough to contribute his share of gaiety. But the trouble is, you know he is trying. In the Ziegfeld Follies you would appreciate the effort and applaud it. But obvious effort and Gilbert simply do not go together. At times Mr. Lane forgets that he is doing a stunt, and then he becomes really excellent. But these moments are not as frequent as they might be. Then, too, one has the brilliant memory of Jefferson de Angelis in the part to make Mr. Lane's task all the more difficult.

In all other respects except the intangible mood, this is a splendid revival, vocally and scenically. The color groupings are superb, both the choral and solo work excellent, and the general effect has a good deal of the glamour which is lost in the individual parts. There is no reason why this Mikado should not run all spring and summer. But why, and again why, should the management select a Katisha whose grand-opera solemnity would do credit to a Delilah, and who is so slender that her boast of having "the largest circulation in the world" falls with a mystifying thud?

Wild Birds

SOME very delicate and beautiful writing, much deep artistry and a great deal of poignant and fine acting, have gone into this play by Dan Totheroh—a new playwright whose sense of tragedy is no less profound that Eugene O'Neill's, while possessing a greater refinement, a much higher spirituality, and a richer spirit of song. The Cherry Lane Playhouse has given Wild Birds a production which more than merits all the praise the critics have bestowed on it.

Unlike the expressionistic drama of Walter Hasenclever, Beyond, in which nearly all semblance of reality was stripped away, leaving only certain deep and essential thoughts and emotions to be expressed, Wild Birds has a surface reality. It is a play with a distinct plot, a specific locality, a time and a dialect. You can accept it as realistic drama, well conceived, swiftly moving and at times quaveringly beautiful. But Mr. Totheroh is striving for something more. He has chosen his characters as symbols of the life-struggle itself. Into each one he has breathed a certain universal quality—almost as if he were to say—"this child, Mazie, is innocence; this poor half-wit, Sandy, with the wisdom of the serpent, is Eros; and this wandering farm hand, Marshall, is the truth of life whom many men seek and few encounter."

There is, in fact, a program note which likens the play to a modern Morality—but I feel that most people, if they wish to look at all beneath the surface drama, will prefer to gather their own meaning from it. That great master of English prose, Arthur Machen, has pointed out with singular clearness how often the full implication of an artist's work is unknown, even to the artist himself, at the time of creative effort; and that it is often years later before he can look back and gather into himself the full beauty, the stark tragedy, or the infinite pathos of what he has done.

In Wild Birds, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Totheroh is striving to express that age-old struggle of the human soul toward a spiritual re-birth—the great paradox of the double victory; of death over material life, and of spiritual life over material death. The two pathetic young characters about whom he weaves his story, after a bewildered search through the cross currents of hate, brute force, and misguided passion surrounding them, succumb to a mistaken love; only to find death in the end. But for each of them it is a death of purgation—a death that reveals also a truth beyond, which neither was capable of seeing while in the midst of the tumult. If, in portraying this struggle, Mr. Totheroh seems himself to be groping for his answer—if, as one suspects, he stumbles upon his final truth instead of working toward it with clear vision—and if, in selecting physical death, and in one case suicide, as his all too-easy solution—the literal effect of his play seems to belie its spiritual intent; these are faults of incompleteness rather than of that perverted direction one feels so often in the work of O'Neill. There is here the swing and cadence of real tragedy; the beauty of search, if not of full attainment; and the singing note of sincerity. Whatever the popular success of his play, Mr. Totheroh has unquestionably taken his place as an artist of high calibre and rich promise.

A word should be added concerning the acting. In this respect I have rarely, if ever, seen so well-balanced a performance —one in which each actor seemed to draw inspiration from the poetry of the author. But Mildred MacLeod and Donald Duff, as the two young unfortunates about whom the action turns, achieved a rare perfection of sensitive understanding. Where all were excellent, they were perhaps, preëminent.

Louie the 14th

THE fourteenth at table—not the fourteenth Louis of France. This slight comment may be necessary in view of Madame Pompadour and The Love Song, which have sought their excuse for gorgeous panoply in imperial, or royal France. This Louie, more intelligibly known as Leon Errol, is the company-cook of certain doughboys, who decides to remain in France after the recall of the troops. A superstitious American oil-magnate, giving a magnificent and most expensive (oh, yes, he tells his guests it is expensive) dinner to various French oil-magnates, requires a fourteenth guest. Louie is the guest. You almost know the rest—if you know Leon Errol.

Mr. Ziegfeld, who is nothing if not ingenious in finding excuses for gorgeousness, has added to the banquet scene a fête

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in honor of Joan of Arc, some delectable bits of mountain pageantry, and a plethora of lovely costumes and color. Evelyn Law has a chance to dance (she ought to have at least three chances), one delightful Doris Patston sings and dances her way into real prominence, and Harry Fender helps her to make certain duets something of a light musical treat. Then there is Mr. Hugh Wakefield, who somehow makes an English officer intelligible and human. Leon Errol is very much himself, and most of his comedy is clean and pungent. He lapses only once into one of those suggestive songs toward which, for some absurd reason, managers have a penchant. They are not witty. They don't make a dollar's difference in box-office receipts.

Ruint

AS a matter of record, Hatcher Hughes's comedy of the mountain-folk, produced at the Provincetown, was only a passable effort. Its theme, the apparent (and only apparent) gulf separating the effete civilization of the cities from the rude prejudices of the North Carolina mountains, offered the chance for something rather superb in irony and dramatic climax. But the plot was allowed to remain trivial, and none too well-constructed. Some rather surprisingly good acting, particularly by Caroline Newcombe, helped to carry the piece along to a fair degree of interest. The incidental comedy of line and characterization was also good. But the theme deserves more serious effort from Mr. Hughes. He has, in fact, pointed a rather devastating finger at those who believe that civilization decreases prejudice, ignorance and stupidity. The boy from the city and his fond mother are quite as incapable of understanding the mountaineers, as the mountaineers of understanding New York. The faith of the city in the twentieth century is no less confiding and abiding, than the faith of the mountaineers in themselves. The difference between them is one of environment, of experience; but not of essential character, or scope of mind, or motion. This is an excellent theme for either comedy or tragedy. Later on, if Mr. Hughes develops its full possibilities, he may give us a really unusual play.

When Choosing Your Plays

Cæsar and Cleopatra—A splendid production scenically, but unevenly acted.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Old English—A portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss.
Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
Taps—A play of German army caste before the war.
The Blue Peter—Only moderately interesting.
The Fall Guy—A good human comedy of the slumming type.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
The Mikado—Excellent revival.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
The Wild Duck—Ibsen's self-revealing drama superbly directed and acted.
The Witch Doctor (*Cape Smoke*)—Strong African melodrama.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

BOOKS

God of Might, by Elias Tobenkin. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $3.00.

EVER since the appearance, a decade ago, of his first story, Witte Arrives, Elias Tobenkin has been one of our very few foreign-born novelists who has seemed to demand serious attention. That vivid, frank, deeply-sympathetic portrayal of the young immigrant—newly-landed in an untried world—while lacking an assured touch, gave earnest of those dominant qualities which have since ripened into a full mastery: a rare simplicity of style and structure, and a sincerity of purpose devoid of fear. His development during these ten years has repaid the watching; for while it has been by no means even, and for a time his interest in sociologic problems threatened to submerge an artist of real worth under an active partisan; yet in each successive volume written unhurriedly at intervals of two or three years, one can trace the evidence of new strength—a firmer grip on some element of technique—a vantage gained from some former weakness or mistake. What Mr. Tobenkin lost in a measure for the time being, was that simple instinctive objectivity that gave Witte Arrives its chief strength; and it is precisely that same objectivity developed into perfect artistry, a total self-effacement of the author, that makes God of Might not merely a vast forward stride in individual development, but in sheer technique a gem of clean-cut facets and a pure white light.

In theme, perhaps the simplest way of defining God of Might, is to say that it sets forth trenchantly and without compromise one fallacy of America's great experiment of the "melting pot." The story deals with a mixed marriage between a young Jewish immigrant and an American Gentile girl, with its ultimate sequel of disillusion and bitterness. The theme is so poignantly handled that it would be easy to distort and misconstrue the author's purpose. Mr. Tobenkin is not preaching against racial intermixture in general, nor specifically against the marriage of Hebrews outside their own people. With the physiological side of such marriages, the question of eugenics, the mental and moral incompatability born of inharmonious racial inheritance, he is not concerned. What he does say is, that if a man whose heritage is the accumulated lore of a six-thousand-years'-old culture, with its teachings throughout childhood woven into the very warp and woof of his being, marries a girl whose whole youth was similarly steeped in the customs and usages and prohibitions of a cult alien and antagonistic to all that he knows and believes, then no matter how perfectly and marvelously mated they may be as individuals, the day will come when they must awake and find themselves terribly and abysmally alone.

We first meet Samuel Wasserman, in a typical village of the Russian *pale,* when at the early age of four years he discovered the world; and "simultaneously with this discovery came the awareness that life and living to a Jew was an entirely different matter from what it was to all other people." Into the ensuing thirty pages Mr. Tobenkin packs a swift, shifting, crowded verbal photoplay of the Russian ghetto—so sure and gripping in its flashing glimpses that it leaves an almost oppressive, nightmare sense of having lived there ourselves. Samuel's father was a strict orthodox Jew, whose dream was to have his son become a rabbi. His Uncle Jacob was younger and more liberal, wore no side-locks, and even permitted himself to jest at the long Jewish prayers, wondering "if God did not get weary of all this bald flattery!" It was

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Uncle Jacob who presently emigrated to America and paved the way for young Samuel to follow him.

In America we presently find Samuel prospering in the middle west town of Lincoln. He has learned to look people in the face, to hold his head high and expand his lungs; the ghetto walls have been broken through and the old-world chains have fallen off. Even when the eve of the Feast of the Passover arrives, though his first bite of bread almost chokes him, he remembers that he is now an American and has put away all the old symbolism, unleavened bread along with the rest. America is the land of freedom and equality; there are, as he understands it, no Jews and no Gentiles; just human beings, men and women. And when he marries, it is his dream to bring up his children that way—to be just human beings.

In 1900 Samuel was the only Jew in Lincoln. When he meets Jessie Grant, clerk in a real-estate office, she finds him a good-looking, interesting young foreigner, with a good command of English and tastes congenial with her own. They are far on the road to courtship before the fact that he is a Jew is mentioned; and to Jessie the fact is negligible. As her aunt Alvina sums it up—"What does it matter what one's religion is, so long as one serves the Lord?"

Samuel's inborn shrewdness as a merchant, his unerring Hebrew instinct for good business, would in itself have made a good story. If he had chosen, Mr. Tobenkin could have made the development and success of Waterman's department store an American replica of Au Bonheur des Dames. But Waterman's, though it waxes great and places Samuel high in the ranks of Lincoln's sound business men—though we see him sit behind the glass partition of his office listening to the subdued hum of voices, while "in the dim recesses of his brain, figures—twos and threes and fives and nines—flash and twinkle like lanterns trying to convey a signal from afar off,"—yet the success that it spells has largely turned to wormwood in the disillusion that has slowly and inevitably settled down upon Samuel Waterman. As other Jews have found their way into Lincoln racial antagonism has made itself felt. Samuel's former sense of proprietorship in America has slipped from him; he feels as though his wealth, his labor, all that he has built "was built on somebody else's earth, and he might be told at any time to pick up and go on." For the first few years his union with Jessie was ideally perfect. They lived in each other, seeking no outside society, attending no church, troubled by no near relatives. But presently Jessie's brother, Horace, comes to Lincoln, with an ambitious, pushing social-climber of a wife, and a self-righteous pillar-of-the-church type of father-in-law. Samuel now has two children—little Grant and Sarah; and before he quite knows what is happening, these children are in Sunday school—Jessie is involved in church work; the intricate intermeshing of religious and social usages has caught them—and Samuel, unable to take the whole step and become a Christian, finds chasms yawning under his feet, even in his own home.

The extent of his isolation first comes upon Samuel in full force when, in a burst of confidence, he tells old Wertheim, a Chicago business friend of ten years' standing, that his wife is a Christian. "He was conscious of a sudden barrier between them. . . . It was not like the barrier between Jew and Christian, but still a barrier. . . . Wertheim was a Jew, and he, Samuel, had a Christian wife. . . . It was *war* and people ranged themselves on one side, on the other. . . . One was *either* a Jew or a Christian. . . . In between was No Man's Land. . . . He was in No Man's Land."

With this realization, the long-denied call of his birthright and early training reasserts itself. He happens to be passing in front of a synagogue, from which come the muffled voices of Jews, praying. He goes in. Candles are lit. The cantor, wrapped in his prayer-shawl, is chanting God of Might. It is so long since Samuel has heard that prayer that its words have escaped him. But that does not matter. He finds words of his own; and there we leave him swaying with the rest of the congregation, and praying haltingly "God of Might, give me might . . . Give me might."

Very, very rarely an author has been inspired to stop short at just the precisely right, inevitable point. In this book Mr. Tobenkin has had that happy inspiration.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

Ancient Hunters, by W. J. Sollas. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.50.

IT is just thirteen years since I reviewed the first edition of this excellent book on prehistoric man and those races of today which most closely resemble him. The things which delighted me in the first edition, reappear in this very much enlarged issue. There is the great erudition and the pleasant facile style of writing which we have learnt to expect from the professor of geology in the university of Oxford. In books dealing with this subject, the vexed question of chronology, in which there are such astounding differences of opinion, ranging in a particular case from 25,000 to 300,000 years, makes it obvious to anyone who considers the matter that it is all mere guess-work. Scholars know this very well—but many read these books who are not scholars. How are they to form a judgment in such matters?

Professor Sollas reviews the various schemes for constructing a chronology, and with sound geological instinct chooses that of the Baron de Geers as the most promising. As far as it goes we may, it seems, rely on its findings. It goes as far as the so-called Asylian age—that is, to the very last phase of the Palaeolithic or Old Stone epoch. That is going far—but still there is much farther to go before we come to the earliest men. The writer fixes that date as 7500 years from this present year. That, we may add, is about the date fixed for the coming of the Sumerians to Mesopotamia. It is, the Professor says, as near an approximation as we can hope to reach; and I respectfully agree with him. And when he continues—"For their predecessors, no dates can as yet be safely assigned; and to venture upon speculation in this matter would in all likelihood be merely to add to the 'hecatomb of errors' which de Geers so clearly foresees," my only criticism is that the hecatomb is not merely to be foreseen, but is there, open to view, in the amazing differences of opinion just alluded to. Dogmatizing from insufficient data; the fallacy of the individual argued into the general; picturesque suggestions with no foundation but the writer's imagination; such are some of the faults of too many of these books. Let us take one example only—the Trinil skull, the so-called Pithecanthropos Erectus of Java. These fragments were found in Java by Dr. Eugene Dubois in 1891-2. They consisted of the top part of a skull, a thigh-bone and two teeth, found at some little distance from one another, but presumed to belong to the same individual. We may pass that presumption in view of what is to follow. A third tooth (never described) was subsequently found. There is no doubt that the thigh-bone is human: it is the skull which has been literally the bone of contention. I had the opportunity of examining it myself, when Dr. Dubois showed it to me, and the great dif-

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ferences of opinion upon it are, perhaps, not surprising. By 1912, nineteen first-class authorities had examined it, and of these seven considered it to be human; five simian (the skull of a monkey); the rest as a transitional form between man and monkey. An eminent French anthropologist, M. de Mortillet, summed up the question at that date and I shall not attempt to translate his pungent French—"La découverte d'Eugène Dubois fit gran bruit . . . Les avis ont été on ne peut plus partagés. Ills se sont tout d'abord parqués par nationalités. Les Anglais, bien que compatriotes de Darwin, ont fait des grands efforts pour démontrer qu'il ne s'agit que d'un homme, un homme très inférieur, mais déja un véritable homme. Les Allemands, au contraire, se sont froidement ingéniés a prouver qu'il ne s'agit que d'un singe. Les Française ont purement et simplement adopté les déterminations du jeune savant Hollandais. C'était chose facile pour les compatriotes de Lamarck."

I have looked up the chief books on the subject which have appeared since the date given above. I have no German book, but the others are still "parqués par nationalités," if the citizens of the United States may for the moment be parked with British authorities. Boule, the leading French authority (1923) says it is a twig of the anthropoid branch, but independent of the true human branch—i. e., an ape. Dixon (Harvard, 1923) and Keith (England, 1915) both hold that it is an early stage in the human phylum, while Elliot Smith (London, 1924) with characteristic dogmatism, and perhaps a little absence of courtesy to eminent opponents, says that "no one could have any hesitation in deciding that it was truly a member of the human family," though as a mere detail, quite a number have decided to the contrary. Osborne (New York, 1916) so far recognizes it as actually to speak in several places of "the Trinil race." What an orthodox, or even a lenient, logician would have to say to this creation of a race from four fragments of a (presumably) single individual, one need hardly speculate. As an example of arguing from the particular to the general, it can hardly be beaten. At any rate, it shows that the eminent professional just quoted agrees with the British contingent. Now why if things are so clear should there be such difference of opinion? And why, above all, should these opinions be "parqués par nationalités"? Truth is not a thing parked by nationality; even pragmatists would go so far as to admit that. What is clear is that the solution of the problem is not complete, and from this it follows that to start from a given conclusion of your own concerning this skull, and to erect thereon a superstructure of assumptions, is to court disaster. It is a form of architecture which can commend itself only to very careless observers. We cannot conclude without suggesting that the Professor should read a little more of the literature of comparative religion—particularly the splendid work of Professor Mainage, on the Prehistorics—before he commits himself—even in a note—to the opinion that magic, which practically all now admit, instead of being the implacable foe of religion, was actually its originator.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Dionysius in Doubt, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

A lean, stripped athlete, with sinews of steel, fine eyes and a smile wistfully sad, juggles with little pills instead of balls, and builds houses of straw that blow over with the occasional intensities of his own breath. Such appears the poet Edwin Arlington Robinson in his new book, Dionysius in Doubt. It is the continuing record of a difficult personality, acclaimed by many poetry-lovers, as the most American, if not the most authentic poet of our days: and it continues the same elusive coiling of light and darkness, revelation and concealment, hope and agnosticism that leave some of us in a troubled doubt regarding the reality of its merits when all is said and done.

The imagination of this poet is thin, even at its finest; lofty at times, in a detached, wireless kind of way, he is a preacher who has lost his way back to the pulpit and wandering rather aimlessly in the outer lights of many cults and isms, and timidly refusing his hand to the guidance of any of them. He wears no high hat as did the leisurely old Fitzgerald when he went cruising in his sloop; but when a big wave washes him from the deck and they pull him on board again, he still holds his Greek copy of Plato open in his hand.

If there is in Mr. Robinson the seeding of the Greeks, it is scattered with a New England frugality and the earth has not been altogether cleared of its stumps and stones. His thoughts take no chariots to Heaven, but joggle over a series of quaint "thank-you ma'ams" to some fireside corner, where wrapped in home-spun, he carves his little masterpieces in wood or soft marble, and peeps forth as longingly as some Emily Dickinson, for the first buds of a spring that never comes to summer.

Mr. Robinson is a difficult poet to quote from with a fair showing of his qualities: out of Dionysius in Doubt, perhaps the best illustration may be taken from his If the Lord Would Make Windows in Heaven—

> She who had eyes, but had not wherewithal
> To see that he was doomed to his own way,
> Dishonored his illusions day by day,
> And year by year was more angelical;
> Flaunting an injured instinct for the small,
> She stifled always more than she would say;
> Nursing a fear too futile to betray,
> She sewed and waited for the roof to fall.
> A seer at home, she saw that his high lights
> Were such as never would be seen from there;
> A saint abroad, she saw him on the heights,
> And feared for him—who, if he went much higher
> Might one day not be seen from anywhere.

THOMAS WALSH.

Troubadour, by Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

IT is a great bustling crowd that figures through these pages of Troubadour, which purports to be an autobiography: they are mostly interesting people, many of them self-important, few of them of any permanent value more durable than the gentle reminiscent charm which Alfred Kreymborg gives them in his large volume. The story of his life in New York and elsewhere in North America and Europe is told with an honest simplicity which does not rest anywhere long enough to result in a definite picture. Friends and colleagues of the past flit in and out of these pages with hardly more than a smile and a nod. These are mannikins, not personalities—and perhaps Mr. Kreymborg has realized it long ago. His book will make a handy reference to the half-world of talent and cleverness, as he seems to have met everybody in the mouth of gossip. The book has only one serious drawback: it should have a list of its notables on an index page, as many will consult it in the search for their own names or those of their friends or rivals. Troubadour is an honest picture of the mad, sad, ineffectual younger groups of our book celebrities.

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CURRENT MAGAZINES

The Dublin Review for April-May-June, publishes an able article on Cardinal Consalvi, by J. J. Dwyer of the Lingard Society, which commemorates the centenary of the death of the famous Cardinal who opposed the tyranny of Napoleon in the Church, and arranged the Concordat that for many years regulated the relations of Rome and France. Italian features are further demonstrated in C. M. Bowen's Manzoni and Scott. Shakespeare in Uncomely Parts and Comely, by W. F. P. Stockley; and Boethius and Scholasticism, by George D. Smith are literary and philosophical treatises of value. The note on King Alphonso, by S. L., is a severe arraignment of Blasco Ibañez for his virulent attack on his monarch. The good sense of American opinion has relegated this cheap sensationalist to a place from which he will find it increasingly difficult to vend his new novels. Señor Blasco as the revolutionary Tartarin, is not unkindly described by S. L. as "an imaginary graft of Marie Corelli upon Emile Zola."

The Month for April shows our distinguished English contemporary at a high point of excellence. The historical papers include an able study by Father Herbert Thurston, S. J.; and of Pope Alexander VI, and His Latest Biographer, the findings of which accord generally with those of the American scholar, Dr. Lynn Thorndike. There is also a charming paper on Alexander Pope's Catholic Neighbors—the Mannocks, Blounts and their connections. A fine controversial study—What Elizabeth Thought of Continuity—also merits appreciative reading.

The Yale Review for April contains a characteristic essay by Agnes Repplier—The Child and the Law. There is also in the same number a valuable paper on Insular America, by William Howard Gardiner; and an important study entitled Crevecoeur on the Susquehanna (1774-1776), by H. L. Bourdin and S. T. Williams which gives a fuller account of his services to our early history and development than has hitherto been awarded "the eighteenth-century Thoreau."

The Catholic World for May has a special literary flavor, with numerous poems and ethical and religious papers such as Do the Prohibition Laws Bind in Conscience? by John A. Ryan, D. D.; How Is One Converted? by Isabel C. Fortey; and Bob Ingersoll, by James M. Gillis, C. S. P. There are also the usual series of excellent book reviews and notes of timely interest, which make the Catholic World a credit to our Catholic reading-tables.

G. K.'s Weekly is the cleverest thing that has come out of England in a long while. It is now in its sixth number, and still gleaming with its pristine wit and humor. Not that the weather-eye of its pilot is closed to the more serious aspect of life around us. His editorials deal with such serious topics as The Real Bolshevist Peril, A Debate on Degeneracy, To the Socialists, The Age of Monopoly and Are We Reactionary? Our readers will enjoy the verse of Geoffrey Dearmer—

The higher that you get
on Creative Evolution
The drier you will get—
This is why
Gentle Reader, you and I
are dry—
It is also why the oyster
is comparatively wet,
And the jelly-fish is moister.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I have come to the conclusion," remarked Dr. Angelicus, as he pulled his chair near an open window of the Library, "that modern religion is not nearly so remote from the intimate lives of Americans as I had once supposed."

"How come?" asked Tittivillus, startling all with the utterance of the question that had arisen in everyone's mind, though perhaps with a somewhat different turning of phrase.

"I have of late," explained the Doctor, "been caught up in a whirl of social life, which has completely changed my ideas. For years, recognizing the superiority of books over humans ("Oh, Doctor," murmured Miss Anonymoncule)—I have studiously refused all invitations and devoted myself entirely to reading. . . It was that red and gold striped cravat, that my sister gave me for Easter," Angelicus went on reflectively, "that has changed my whole course of life. And I'm not so sure that I'm sorry."

"What has a red and gold cravat got to do with modern religion?" demanded the Editor.

"Well, you see," replied the Doctor, apologetically, "it is—er—somewhat becoming to me—the cravat, I mean—and observing this on the same morning that the post brought me several invitations, I resolved to participate a bit in the society I had so long neglected. Among other frivolous things, I attended a christening."

"Battleship, or baby?" demanded the Editor, suspiciously.

"Baby," said the Doctor. "And it was at this function that I came to the realization of how intimately modern social life is concerned with religion."

"What church was the christening held in?" asked Primus Criticus.

"Church? My dear Criticus, how lamentably behind the times you are," said the Doctor in a superior tone. "Smart christenings are no longer held in churches. This one happened to be in the foyer of the Ritz—and a charming affair it was. Even the baby enjoyed it hugely."

"I suppose champagne was used in place of Holy Water?" asked Criticus.

"Champagne was certainly among (not to say, in) those present."

"And what was the service?" asked the Editor.

"Well, there was such a crowd of people that I couldn't hear all of it—but there was considerable commotion aroused when the minister demanded a Bible. He had apparently forgotten his. After something of a scurry, someone thrust a small book in his hand which looked to me strangely like the Social Register. An orchestra played appropriate music, softly."

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"Gregorian?" asked Primus Criticus.

"The only piece I recognized was You Ought to See My Baby—one of the popular songs of 1921."

* * *

"At my elbow," went on the Doctor, "stood a charming lady who kept looking at my new cravat with obvious admiration. At length she said to me—'I feel I should like to talk to you.'

" 'Nothing would give me greater pleasure,' I replied.

" 'I was sure you were sympathetic,' she said sweetly. 'I am about to divorce a husband whose religion means more to him than I do.' Great tears filled the beautiful blue eyes.

" 'My dear lady—you interest me. Is it possible that this can be the case with any modern husband?'

" 'Alas, yes,' she sighed—'My dear husband is such a spiritual spiritualist, that really marriage should have no place in his life.'

" 'Surely spiritualism and matrimony are not incompatible?' I asked.

" 'I thought not—at first,' she replied, 'but when dear John began holding his séances with trombones and bells in the bathroom, at the most awkward hours, it proved most inconvenient.' "

* * *

Meditative silence had fallen on the Doctor's listeners.

"All this goes to show, my friends," continued Angelicus, "how closely religion is bound up with the social and domestic side of modern life. I shall have to write a book about it. It is an important discovery."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

The Commonweal regrets that an error crept into Morton Zabel's article—The School of Sargent—in the issue of April 29. The article referred to "the Virgin . . . in the Harvard Memorial." It should have been "the Virgin . . . in the Boston Public Library."

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